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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Jack Drum's Entertainment

1601

Date of the earliest known edition, 1601

(B.M. C. 34, b. 18.)

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts
[Vol. 54]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Jack Drum's Entertainment

1601

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of
THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS
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Jack Drum's Entertainment

1601

This facsimile is from a copy of the earliest known edition of 1601, now in the British Museum. The play was reissued in 1616 and again in 1618.

Mr. Simpson thought it to be in the main written by Marston, and that it was one of a series of plays relating to the quarrel between Jonson and Marston and Dekker. Planet is by some supposed to be meant for Shakespeare.

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile reprint with the original copy, again reports that the reproduction is of the same high quality that is characteristic of these facsimiles.

JOHN S. FARMER.

Iacke Drums Enter-
tainment :

OR

THE COMEDIE

Of Pasquill and Katherine.

*As it hath bene sundry times plaide by the
Children of Powles.*



AT LONDON

Printed for Richard Oliue, dwelling in Long
Lane. 1601.



JOHN DRVMS Entertainment, or the Comedie of Pasquill and Katherine.

The Introduction.

Enter the Tyer-man.

IN good faith Gentlemen, I thinke we shall be forced to giue
you right John Drums entertainment, for hee that com-
posde the Booke, we should present, hath done vs very vehe-
ment wrong, he hath snatched it from vs, upon the very in-
stance of entrance, and with violence keepes the boyes from
comming on the Stage. So God helpe me, if we wrong your
delights, tis infinitely against our endeouours, unles we should
make a tumult in the Tyring-house.

Exit Tyer-man.

Enter one of the Children.

You much mistake his Action Tyer-man,
His violence proceeds not from a minde
That grudgeth pleasure to this generous presence,
But doth protest all due respect and loue
Vnto this choise selected influence.
He vowes, if he could draw the musick frō the Spheares

A pleasant Comodie

To entertaine this presence with delight,
Or could distill the quintessence of heauen
In rare composed Sceanes, and sprinkle them
Among your eares, his industry should sweat
To sweeten your delights: but he was loth,
Wanting a Prologue, & our selues not perfect,
To rush vpon your eyes without respect:
Yet if youle pardon his defects and ours,
Heele giue vs passage, & y ou pleasing sceanes,
And vowes not to torment your listning eares
With mouldy fopperies of stale Poetry,
Vnpossible drie mustie Fictions:
And for our parts to gratifie your fauour,
Weele studie till our cheeke looke wan with care,
That you our pleasures, we your loues may share.

Exit.

ACTVS PRIMVS.

Enter Iacke Drum, and Timothy Twedle, with a
Tabor and a Pipe.

Drum. Come *Timothy Twedle*, tickle thy Pipe on
the greene, as I haue tippled the Pot in the Seller, and the
hey for the honor of High-gate, you old Trojan.

Twedle. And a heigh for the honor of Hygate, Hem,
by my holydam, tho I say it; that shuld not say it, I think
I am as perfect in my Pipe, as Officers in poling,
Courtiers in flattery, or wenches in falling: Why looke
you *Iacke Drum*, tis euen as naturall to me, as brawdry to
a Somner, knauery to a Promoter, or damnation to an
Vsurer. But is *Holloway* Morice prancing vp the hill?

Drum. I, I; and Sir *Edward*, and the yeallow toothd,
funck-cyde, gowtie shankt Vsurer *Maman*, my young
Mistresses.

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Mistresses and all are comming to the greene, lay Cu-
fhiions, lay the Cushions, ha the wenches!

Twed. The wenches, ha, when I was a yong man and
could tickle the Minikin, and made them crie thankes
sweete *Timothy*, I had the best stroke, the sweetest touch,
but now (I may sigh to say it) I am faine from the Fidle
and betooke me to thee. *He plaies on his Pipe.*

Enter Sir Edward Fortune, M. Mamon, Camelia, Katherine,
and Winifride, Camelia's maide.

Sir Ed. Sit M. Mamon, ha heeres a goodly day nigh.
Mam. I thank you Sir, and faith what newes at court?
Sir Ed. What newes at court? ha, ha, now Iesu God,
Fetch me some *Burdeux* wine, what newes at court?
Reprobate fashions, when each ragged clowt,
Each Coblers spawn, and yeastie bowzing bencis,
Reekes in the face of sacred maistic
His stinking breath of censure, Out-vpont, *He drinkeſ*.
Why by this *Burdeux* juice, tis now become
The shewing-horne of Bezelers discourse,
The common foode of prate: what newes at court?
But in these stiffe nekt times when euery Jade
Huffes his vpreared crest, the zealous bent
Of Councillors solide cares is trampled on
By euery hacknies heeles: Oh I could burst
At the coniectures feares, preuentions:
And restles tumbling of our tossed braines:
Ye shall haue me an emptie casket that's furd
With nought but barmy froath, that nere trauel'd
Beyond the confines of his Mistresse lippes,
Discourse as confident of peace with Spaines,
As if the *Genius* of quick *Machianel*

A pleasant Comedie

Vslierd his speech.

Mam. Oh forbear, you are too sharpe with me.

S. Ed. Nay M. Mamon, misinterpret not,
I onely burne the bauen heath of youth,
That cannot court the presence of faire time
With ought but with, what newes at Court sweete sir ?
I had rather that *Kemps* Morice were their chat,
For of foolish actions, may be theyle talke wisely, but of
Wise intendments, most part talke like fooles.
The summe is this, beare onely this good thought,
The Counsell-chamber is the Phænix nest,
Who wastes it selfe, to giue vs peace and rest.

The Taber and Pipe strike up a Morrice.

A shoute within.

A Lord, a Lord, a Lord, who !

Ed. Oh a Morice is come, obserue our country sport,
Tis Whitson-tyde, and we must frolick it.

Enter the Morrice.

The Song

*Skip it, & trip it, nimbly, nimbly, tickle it, tickle it, lustily,
Strike up the Taber, for the wenchers fano'r, tickle it, tickle
it, lustily :
Let vs be seene, on Hygate Greene, to daunce for the ho-
nour of Holloway.
Since we are come hither, lets spare for no leather,
To daunce for the honour of Holloway.*

Ed. Wel said my boyes, I must haue my Lords liuory,
what ist, a May-pole ? troth twere a good body for a
courtiers imprezza, if it had but this life, *Frustra florescit.*
Hold Couzen hold. *He gives the Foole money.*

Foole.

of Pasquil and Katherine.

Foole. Thankes Couzen, when the Lord my Fathers Audit comes, weel repay you again. Your beneuolence too sir.

Mam. What a Lords sonne become a begger?

Foole. Why not, when beggers are become Lordes sonnes, come tis but a small trifle.

Mam. Oh sir, many a small make a great.

Foole. No sir, a fewe great make a many small, come my Lords, poore and need hath no lawe.

S.Ed. Nor necessitie no right, *Drum downe* with them into the Celler, rest content, rest cōtent, one bout more and then away.

Foole. Speake like a true heart, I kisse thy foote sweet

The Morice sing and daunce, and Exeunt. (knight.

Ma. Sir Edward Fortune you keep too great a house, I am your friend, in hope your sonne in lawe, And from my loue I speake, you keep too great a house, Go too you do, yon same dry throated huskes Will suck you vp, and you are ignorant What frostie fortunes may benumme your age, Pouertie, the Princes frowne, a ciuile warre, or.

S.Ed. Or what? tush, tush, your life hath lost his taste, Oh madnes still to sweate in hottie pursuite Of cold abhorrred sluttish nigardise, To exile ones fortunes from their natvie vse, To entertaine a present pouertie, A willing want, for Infidell mistrust Of gratiouse prouidence: Oh Lunacie, I haue two thousand pound a yare, and but two Girles, I owe nothing, liue in all mens loue, Why should I now go make my selfe a slauie Vnto the god offeoles; put worst: then heire's my rest. *I had rather liue rich to die poore, then liue poore to die rich.*

Mam.

A pleasant Comedie

Mam. Oli but so great a masse of coyne might mount
from wholsome thrift, that after your decease your issue
might swell out your name with pompe.

S. Ed. Ha, I was not borne to be my Cradles drudge,
To choake and stiftē vp my pleasures breath,
To poysen with the venomd cares of thrift
My priuate sweet of life: onely to scrape
A heap of muck, to fatten and manure
The barren vertues of my progeny,
And make them sprowt, spight of their want of worth:
No, I do loue my Girles should wish me liue,
Which fewe do wish that haue a greedy Syre:
But still expect and gape with hungry lip,
When heele giue vp his gowtie stewardship.

Mam. You touch the quick of sence, but thē I wonder
You not aspire vnto the eminence
And height of pleasing life: to Court, to Court,
There burnish, there spread, there stick in pompe
Like a bright Diamond in a Ladies browe,
There plant your fortunes in the flowring spring,
And get the sunne before you of respect:
There trench your selfe within thē peoples loue,
And glitter in the eye of glorious grace,
What's wealth without respect and mounted place?

S. Ed. Worse and worse, I am not yet distraught,
I long not to be squeasd with mine owne waight:
Nor hoysē vp all my sailes to catch the winde
Of the drunke reeling Commons: I labor not
To haue an awfull presence, nor be feard
(Since who is feard, still feares to be so feard)
I care not to be like the *Horeb Calfe*,
One day ador'd, and next pasht all in peeces:
Nor do I enuy *Poliphemiā* pusses,

Swizer.

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Swizars slopt greatness : I adore the Sunne,
Yet loue to liue within a temperate zone,
Let who will climbe ambitious glibbery rowndes,
And leane vpon the vulgars rotten loue,
I'le not coriuall him : The Sunne will giue
As great a shadow to my trunk as his :
And after death like Chesmen hauing stood
In play for Bishops, some for Knights, and Pawnes,
We all together shall be tumbled vp, into one bagge,
Let hush'd calme quiet, rock my life a sleepe :
And being dead, my owne ground presse my bones,
Whilst some old Beldame hobling ore my graue,
May mumble thus : *Here lies a knight whose money
Was his slawe.* Now Iack what newes ?

Enter Jack Drum.

Drum. And please your Wor. the Morice haue tane
their liquor.

Sir Ed. Hath not the liquor tane them ?

Drum. Tript vp their heeles or so ? one of them hath
vndertaken to daunce the Morice, from *Hygate to Hollo-*
way on his heeles, with his hands vpwards.

S.Ed. Thats nothing hard.

Drum. Yes sir, tis easier for him to daunce on his head
than his heeles, for indeed his heeles are turnde rancke
rebels, they wil not obey, but they are tumbling downe
the hill a pace.

Ma. And I must afterthen, farwel my soules delight,
Sweete Katherine adieu. *Camelia* goodnight.

S.Ed. Nay no, to London Sir to night, Ifaith at least
stay supper.

Drum. Harke you sir, theres but two Lambes, a dozen
Caponys, halfe a score couple of Rabbots, three Tarteys,
and fourre Tansies, for supper, and therfore I beseech you

B. giue

A pleasant Comodie

giue him Iacke Drums entertainment: Let the Iebusite de-
part in peace.

Sir Ed. Why Iacke, is not that sufficient?

Drum. I for any Christian, but for a yawning vsurer
tis but a bit, a morsell, if you table him, heele deuoure
your whole Lordship, hee is a quicksand, a Goodwin, a
Gulfe, as hungry as the lawes of a Layle, hee will waste
more substance then Ireland souldiers: A Die, a Drabbe,
and a pauuch-swole Vslurer, deuoure whole Monar-
chies: Let him passe sweete knight, let him passe.

Sir Ed. Peace knaque peace.
Daughter, lay your expresse commaundement vpon
the stay of maister Mamon, what tis womens yeere,
Dian doth rule, and you must dominecere.

Mam. No sheele not wish my stay, oh I am curst
With her inexorable swiftnes, by her loue
Which dotes me more then new coynd glowing gold,
The vtmost bent of my affection
Shoothes all my fortunes to obtaine her loue,
And yet I cannot praise, but stil am loathde.
My presence hated, therfore Mamon downe,
Farewell sir Edward, farewell beauties Crownc.

Sir Ed. Faith as it please you for going, and her for
I will enforce neither; (wooing,

Kath. With your pardon sir, I shall sooner hate my
Then loue him. (selfe,

Sir Ed. Nay be free my daughters in election,
Oh, how my soule abhorres inforced yokes,
Chiefly in loue, where the affections bent
Should wholy sway the Fathers kind consent.
Foregod when I was batcheler, had a friend,
Nay had my Father wisht me to a wife,
That might haue lik'd mee, yet their very wish

Made

of Pasquil and Katherine.

Made me mistrust my Loue had not true course,
But had some sway from dutie which might hold
For some slight space : but ô when time shall search
The strength of loue, then vertue, and your eye,
Must knit his sinewes : I chusde my selfe a wife
Poore, but of good dissent, and we did liue
Till death diuorc'd vs; as a man would wish :
I made a woman, now wenches make a man :
Chuse one either of valour, wit, honestie, or wealth,
So he be gentle, and you haue my heart,
I faith you haue : What, I haue land for you both,
You haue loue for your selues. Heeres M. Mamon now.

Drum. A club-fisted Vlurer.

Sir. Ed. A wealthie, carefull, thriuing Citizen.

Mam. Carefull, I, I, let nothing without good blacke
and white, I warrant you.

Drum. Yes sir.

Mam. No sir.

Drum. A little backe winde, sauing your wor. sir.

Mam. I am scott at, wheres my man there ho ?

Came. Sir you need not take the pepper in the nose,
Your nose is firie enough.

Mam. What Flanne, what Christopher, Hart where's
the knaue become ? Hold sirrah carry my cloake.

Kathe. Enter Flanne. Hold ruggoy A.

Kathe. It seemes he can scarce carry himselfe.

Drum. Hee's ouer the shooes, yet heele hold out wa-
ter, for I haue liquor'd him soundly.

Mam. Why cannoryou come where headie liquore
is, but you must needs bouze ?
Whata man may leade a horse to the water, but heele
chuse to drinke.

Flanne. True, but I am no horse, for I cannot chuse but
drinke.

Mam.

A pleasant Comedie.

Mam. A pale weake stripling, yet contend with Ale.

Flayne. Why the weakest go to the Pot still. (day.

Mam. That Iest shall saue him. Sir *Edward* now good

Exit.

Sir Ed. Nay sir, weeke bring you a litle of the way.

Drum. Rely on me *Christopher*, I will be thy staffe,

And thy Masters nose shalbe thy lanthorn & candlelight.

*Exeunt: all. *Manent Camelia and Winifride.**

Wini. Mistresse *Camelia*, me thinkes your eye

Sparkles not spirit as twas wont to doo.

Came. My mind is dull, and yet my thoughts are fixt
Upon a pleasing obiect, *Brabant* lone.

Wini. Indeed yong *Brabant* is a proper man,

And yet his legges are somewhat of the least :

And faith a chitty, well complexioned face,

And yet it wants a beard : A good sweet youth,

And yet some say he hath a valiant breath,

Ofa good haire, but oh, his eies, his eies.

Came. Last day thy praise extold him to the skies.

Wi. Indeed he wares good cloaths, & throws his cloake
With good discretion vnder his left armie,
He curles his boote with iudgement, and takes a whisse
With gracefull fashion, sweares a valorous oath,
But ô the diuel, hath a hatefull fault, he is a yonger bro-

Came. A yonger brother? ô intollerable. (ther.

Wini. No Mistresse, no : but theres *M. John*,

M. John Ellis, theres a Lad Ifaith,

Ha for a vertuous honest good youth !

Came. Tut he is good, because he knows not how to
Nor wherefore he is good. (be bad,

Wini. I know not, mee thinkes not to be bad, is

good enough in these daies.

Came. Nay he is a foole, a perfect Idiot.

Win. Why all the better. And I le tell you this, The

Brab
fash

of Pasquill and Katherine.

The greatest Lady in the Land affects him,
Nay doates vpon him, I, and lies with him.

Ca. What Lady, good sweet Winifride, what Lady say?
Faith there be some good parts about the foole, which I
perceiue not, yet an other may: what Lady, good sweet
Winifride? say quick good wench.

Winif. The Lady Fortune.

Camel. Why my name's Fortune too.

Winif. Then you must needs fauour him,
For Fortune fauours fooles.

Camel. Oh but to hugge a foole is odious.

Winif. Foule water quencheth fire well inough,
And with more liuely pallat, you shall taste
The Iuyce of pleasures fount at priuate times:
Pish, by my maiden-head, were I to match,
I would elect a wealthy foole foreall,
Then may one hurry in her Chariot,
Shine in rich purpled Tissue, haue hundred loues,
Rule all, pay all, take all, without checke or snib.
When being maried to a wise man (O the Lord).
You are made a foole, a Ward, curbd and controlld, and
(O) out vpon't.

Camel. Beleue me wench, thy words haue fired me,
I'le lay me downe vpon a banke of Pinkes,
And dreame vppon; Sweete foole, I tis most cleare,
A foolish bed-mate, why be hath no peere.

Exit Camelia.

Winif. Ha, ha, her loue is as vncertaine as an Almanacke,
as unconstant as the fashion, Iust like a whisse
of Tabacco, no sooner in at the mouth, but out at the
nose: I thinke in my heart I could make her enamoured
on Timothy Twedle: wel he that fees me best, speeds best.
For as it pleaseid my bribed lippes to blowe,

A pleasant Comedie

So turns her feathry fancie too and fro. Exit.

Exiter Brabant Iunior at one doore, Ned Planet
at the other.

Bra. Good speed thee my good sweet Planet,
How doest thou Chuck?

Pla. How now Brabant, where haue you liu'de these
three or four dayes?

Bra. Ho at the glittering Court my Pytheas.

Pla. Plague on ye Pytheas, what haue you done there?

Bra. Why lane in my Ladies lap, eat, drink, & sleep.

Pla. So hath thy Ladies Dog done, what art in loue
With yon Hygate Maimmet still?

Bra. Still, I still, and still, I in eterhitiē.

Plan. It shall bee Cronicled next after the death of
Bankes his Horse, I wonder why thou lou'st her

Bra. Louē hath no reason.

Pla. Then is loue a beast, him haue I.

Bra. O my Camelia is loue it selfe.

Pla. The diuel she is: Hart her lips looke like a dride
Neats-tongue: her face as richly yeallow, as the skin of
a cold Custard, and her mind as fetled as the feet of bald
pated time.

Bra. Plague on your hatefull humor, out vponton
Why should your stomackē be solqueasie now,
As to be spawle the pleasures of the world?

Why should you run an Idle counter course
Thwart to the path of fashion? Come your reason?

Q you are buried in Philosophie, noot on, obandit
And there intombd in supernaturalls, you are dead to ston-

You are dead to native pleasures life.

Pla. Let me busse thy cheeke sweete Pugge,

Now

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Now I am perfect hate, I lou'd but three things in the world, Philosophy, Thrift, and my self. Thou hast made me hate Philosophy. A Vsurers greasie Codpeece made me loath Thrift: but if all the Brewers Iades in the town can drug me from loue of my selfe, they shall doo more then e're the seuen wise men of *Greece* could: [Come, come, now I'le be as sociable as *Timon of Athens*.]

Bra. Along with me then, you droming *Sagbut*,
I'le bring thee to a Crewe.

Pla. Of Fooles wilt not?

Bra. Faith if you haue any waight of iudgement, you may easily sound what depth of witts they drawe, theres first my elder brother.

Pla. Oh the Prince of Fooles, vnequall Ideot,
He that makes costly suppers to trie wits:
And will not stick to spend some 20. pound
To grope a gull: that same perpetuall grin
That leades his Corkie Iests to make them sink
Into the eares of his Deryders with his owne applause.

Bra. Indeed his Iests are like *Indian* beefe, they will not last, and yet he powders them soundly with his own laughtter.

Then theres the *Gotish* French-man, *Mounsieur John* so de King, knowst thou him?

Pla. Oh, I to a haire, for I knew him when he had neuer a haire on his head.

Bra. He is a faithfull pure Rogue:

Pla. I, I, as pure as the gold that hath bene seuen times tryed in the fire.

Bra. Then theres *John Ellis*, and profounde toungd Maister *Puffe*, he that hath a perpetuitie of complement, he whose phrases are as neatly deckt as my Lord Maiors Henimen.

A pleasant Comedie

Hensmen, he whose throat squeakes like a treble Organ,
and speakes as small and shrill, as the Irish-men crie Pip,
fine Pip.

And when his period comes not roundly off, takes
tole of the tenth haire of his Bourbon locke : as thus.
Sweete Sir, repute me as a (Puffe) selected spirit borne to be
the admirer, of your newer inough admired (Puffe).

Pla. Oh we shall be ouerwhelmd with an invndation of slaughter. Come, where are they?

Bra. Here at this Tauerne.

Enter two Pages, the one laughing,
the other crying.

Page. 1. Why dost thou crie?

2. Why do'ſt thou laugh?

1. I laugh to see thee crie.

2. And I cry to see thee laugh.

Peace be to vs. Heres our Maisters.

Enter Brabant Signior, Planet, Brabant Junior,
John Ellis, M. Puffe, and Mounseur
John fo de King.

Bra. Sig. You shall see his humour, I pray you bee familiar with this Gentleman maister *Puffe*, he is a man of a well growne spirit, richly worth your I assure you, ha, ha, ha.

Puff. Sir I enrowle you in the Legend of my (Puffe) intimates, I shall be infinitely proud if you will daigne to value me worthy the embracement of your (Puffe) better affe&tion.

P. 14

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Pla. Spake you from your thoughts sir?

Puff. I, or would my silke stocke should loose his
glosse else, I shall triumph as much in the purchase of
your (Puffe) loue, as if I had obtained the great Elixar:
Let vs iacorporate our affections I pray you: let me be
forward in your fauour.

Pla. Sir, I pray you let me beg you for a Foole.

Puff. I affect no rudenes gentlemē, the heauens stand
Propitious to your faire designes:
Alsoone as next the sun shall ginto shine,
I will salute the eies of Katherine.

Bra. Sig. Of Katherine, M. Planes obserue the next,
M. John, what makes you so melancholy?

Ellis. I do not vse to answere questions.

Bra. Iu. What are you thinking on now?

El. I do not vse to think.

Bra. Sig. He lookes as demurely as if he were asking
his Father blessing.

El. I do not vse to aske my Father blessing.

Bra. Iu. Hart, how chaunce he is out of his similies?

Pla. I haue followed Ordinaries this twelue month,
only to finde a Foole that had landes, or a fellow that
would talke treason, that I might beg him. John, be my
Ward John, faith Ie give thee two coates a yeare and be
my Foole.

Bra. Sig. He shall be your Foole, and you shall be his
Coxe-come. Ha,ha, I haue a simple wit, ha,ha.

Pla. I shall crowe o're him then.

Enter Winifride.

Wini. Is there not one M. John Ellis here?

Page. There sits the thing so calde.

Winifride and Ellis talke.

Bra. Sig. Now to the last course: Monsieur John fo de King,

C

I will

A pleasant Comodie

I will helpe you to a wench *Mounseur*.

Moun. No point, a burne childe feete de fire.

Ellis. As a hungry dogge waiteth for a mutton bone,
or as a ratterd foote boy for a cast sute; even so will I at-
tend on my Mistris.

Enter Winifride.

Moun. O my *Winifride*, pree you awe, by gor, me ang
de for her.

Bra. Sig. Nay stay, stay; I will helpe you to a delicate
plump-lipt wench.

Moun. Toh, phi, phi, your proffer ware stink: stay *Winifride*,
or by gor die, me die, me die by gor, me ang so de-
sirous adiew gđor Sig.

Bra. Sig. Oh stay *Mounseur*, how do you pronounce
Demurra? Ha, ha, Ile plague him.

Moun. Grand Sot, my venchi is gone, & me brule, and
me brule, like onemad hule, me go into de vater to coole
my reine, ang my back made de vater hize againe, dus so
brule, me burst vor a vench, and yet grand poc on you
all, pree you adiew.

Ellis. As the ligge is cald for when the Play is done,
even so let *Mounseur* goe.

Moun. Hec, me teach you much Frenchi vor dis, I
goe to Hygate, adiew grand Sots.

Ellis. As sore eyes cannot endure the Sun, nor scabid
hands abide salt water, so must I leave alaund see my ini-
stresse, and as faire Ladies do use foul feyldes, even so do
I bid you farewell.

Exit Ellis.

Bra. Sig. Why this is sport imperiall, by my Gentry, I
would spend fortie Crownes, for such an other feast of
fooles. Ha, ha.

Bra. Iu. I wonder who would be the foole then?

Bra. Iu.

Bra. Sig.

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Bra. Sig. Why tis the recreation of my Intellect, I
thinke I speake as significant, ha, ha, these are my zanyes,
I fill their paunches, they feed my pleasures, I use them
as my fooles faith, ha, ha.

Pla. Tis a generous honour.

Bra. Sig. Troath I thinke you haue a good wit, ha
pray you sup with me, I loue good wits, because mine
owne is not vnfortunate: pray you sup with me.

Pla. Ile give God thankes sir, that hath sent a foole to
feed me.

Bra. Sig. Come along then, ye shall haue a Capon, a
Tansy, and some kick-showes of my wits, ha, ha, some
toyes of my spirit.

Exit Bra. Sig. and Bra. Junior.

Pla. I will eare his meate, and spend's money, that's all
the spight I can do him: but if I can get a Pattent for
concealed Sots, that Dawe shall troupe among my Ide-
ots.

Exit.

ACTVS SECKNDVS.

Enter M. Puffe with his Page.

Puffe. Boywhats a Clocke?

Page. Past three, and a faire morning.

Puffe. Burnes not that light within the sacred shrine?
I meane the chamber of bright Katherine.

Page. I shoulde appeare by these presence, that it doth.

Puffe. I wonder that the light is vp so soone.

Page. O Mistresse Spuffe was weary with sleeping in
the Socket, and therefore hath newly put on her stamell
petticoat: & takē her pewter state to give light to things
are in darknesse.

Puffe.

C 2

Puffe.

A pleasant Comedie

Puff. And I know that women of grauitie and sweetenes are soone vp.

Page. I see that women of leuitie and lighthesse, are soone downe.

Puff. Boy cleare thy throate, and mount thy sweetest Vpon the bosom of this sleeke cheeke aire: (notes. That it may gently breathe them in the eare Of my adored Mistresse: Come begin.

The Song.

{ Delicious beautie that doth lie
Wrapt in a skin of Iuorie,
Lie stil, lie stil vpoun thy backe,
And Fancy let no sweete dreames lacke
To tickle her, to tickle her with pleasing thoughtis.
But if thy eyes are open full,
Then daine to view an honest gulli,
That stands, that stands, expecting still
When that thy Casement open will
And blesse his eyes, & blesse his eyes, with one kind glance.

The Casement opens, and Katherine appeares.

Puf. All happinesse and vnconceiu'd delight,
Waite on the loue of sweete fac de Katherine.

Kathe. Good youth Amen: I do returne your wish
With ample interest of beatitude.

Puf. I do protest, with ceremonious (puffe) lippes
The purest blood of my affection,
Is euен fatally predestinate
To consecrate it selfe vnto your (puffe) loue.

Ka. Vnto my loue? Oh sir you binde me to you:

Faire

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Faire Gentleman I haue a thankfull heart,
Tho not a glorious speech to sweet my thankes.

Puf. Reward my loue then with your kinder loue.

Ka. With my loue sir, I relish not your speech.

Puf. I with your loue, in pleasing marriage.

Ka. Alas sir, cannot be my Loues a man,
Who hardly can require the deare protest
Of kind affection, which you seeme to vowe
Vnto his fortunes : kind youth, you did wish
All happinesse to wayt vpon my loue :
Well he shall know it when we next do meeete,
And thanke you kindly : now good morrow sweete.

Puf. You take my, my, my meaning (puffe.) (out.)

Page. Nay if he be puffing once, the fire of his wit is

Puf. Why she is gone. Hart did I rise for this ?

Pa. She cannot endure puffing. O you puff her away

Puf. Lets slink alon vnseen, tis yet scarle day.

Exeunt.

Enter Mamon with Flawne, bearing a light

before Mamon.

Flawn. Now me thinks I hold the candle to the diuel.

Mam. Put out the light, the day begins to breake.

Flawn. Would the day and thy neck were broke together.

Mam. Oh how the gout and loue do tyre me.

Flawne. Why sir, loue is nothing but the very gout.

Mam. As how Flawne ? as how ?

Flawne Thus sir : Gout and loue, both come with
Idlenesse, both incurable, both humorous, onely this
difference : the Gout caufeth a great tumor in a mans
legges, and loue a great swelling in a womans belly.

Mam. Why then o Loue, o Gout, o goutie Loue,
how thou tormentest old Mamon : good morrow to the

A pleasant Comedie

weet lipt Katherine, eternall spring vnto thy beauties
love.

Ka. Alas good aged Sir, what make you vp
In faith I pitie you, good soule to beth,
Troth soone youle erie, Oh God my head, my head.

Mam. No Katherine, the wrinkling print of time
Err'd, when it seald my forchadadvp with age, and on
I haue as warme an arme to ontayne no ille bned
And hugge thy presence in a nuptiall bed,
As those that haue a check more lively red
And tho my voice be rude, yet Flawne can sing
Peans of beautie, and of Katherine, benn joyfull beth
List to the Musicke that corrupts the Goddes,
Subuertis euēn Desteny, and thus it shogges.

Chunck, chunck, chunck, chunck, his bagges do ring

A merry note with chuncks to sing

Those that are farre more vngod wittie,

Are wide from singing such a Dittie

As Chunck, chunck, chunck, chunck,

Theres Chunck that makes the Lawter peare,

Theres Chunck that make a foole of Fates hig

Theres Chunck, that if you will be his ay

Shall make you live in all hearies blis

With Chunck, chunck, chunck,

Ka. Tis wel sung good old man, hence with your gold, I
Leaue the green fields tis dewy, youle take cold.

Mam. The Calements shut, wel here Ile lurke & stay,
To see who beares the glorie of the day.
Hence, hence, to London, Flawne let me alone.

Enter

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Flewne: I can hardly leane him alone, for the Diuell
and double Duckars still associate him, but I am gone.

Exit.

Enter Pasquill.

Pasquill: The gloomyng mornē with shining Armes
The siluer Ensign of the grim cheekt night, hath chaste
And sdro'd the sacred troupes of sparkling staries
Into their privat Tents; yet calme hushē sleepē
Strikes dumbe the snoring world: yet frolick youthē
Thats lately matchē vnto a well shapte Lasse,
Clippes his sweete Mistresse, with a pleasing armē,
Whilst the great power of Imperious Louē
Sommons my dutie to salute the shine
Of my Louē beauties: Vhe quald Katherine
I bring no Musick to prepare thy thoughts
To entertaine a amorous discourse:
More Musick's in thy name, and sweete dispose,
Then in Apollos Lyre, or Orpheus close:
I'le chaunt thy name, and so inchaunt each eare,
That Katherineas happy name shall heare
My Katherine, my life, thy Katherine.

Kathe. My Ned, my Pasquill, sweet I come, I come,
Euen with like swiftnes, tho not with like heart:
As the fierce Fawcon troupes to rysing fowles,
I hurrey to thre: Howe to goe away, to goe away
The place is private, and tis yet scarce day.

Pas. O theieskin d woldis imparadize my thoughts.

Ma. Ha, ha, young Pasquill, here I found you out.
Ist you must haue my selfe before your beater
Why this same boy was bargained for: And howe goodly
A lowe bold gallant, yet hee cometh with him selfe.
He match him, if his skin be dry and professe: I meele.

He

A pleasant Comedie

Hamay scape the force of gold and murder, if not,
As you returne sir, I will pepper you. Exit.

Enter Katherine to Pasquill.
And art thou come deare hart, first see be this,
This kinde imbrace, and next this modest kis.

Pas. This is no kisse, but an Ambrosiaa bowle,
The Nectar deaw of thy delicious sowle :
Let me sucke one kisse more, and with a nimble lip,
Nibble vpon those Rosie bankes, more soft and cleare.
Then is the Ieweld tip of Yvonne eare.
Oh how a kisse inflames a Louers thought,
With such a fewell let me burne and die,
And like to Hercules so mount the skie.

Kat. Come you grow wanton. Oh you bite my lip.

Pas. In faith you Iest, I did but softly lip
The Roseall Iuice of your reuiving breath :
Let clumsie iudgements, chilblaind gowtie witt
Bung vp their chiefe content within the whoopes
Of a stuft dry Fatt : and repose their hopes
Of happiness, and hearts tranquilitie,
Vpon increase of durt : but let me lieue
Clipt in the cincture of a faithfull arm,
Luld in contented ioy, being made divine,
With the most precious loue of Katherine.

Kat. Let the vnsanctified spirit of ambition
Entice the choysc of muddy minded Dames
To yoke themselves to swine, and for vaine hope in
Ofgay rich trappings, be still spurd and prickt
With pining discontent for nuptiall sweetes.

But let me lieue lou'd in my hysbards eies,
Whose thoughts with mine, may fweally sympathized.

Pas. The heauens shall melt, the sun shall cease to shine,
Before I leave the loue of Katherine.

Kate.

also want
gratious
Moral
Katherine

in
specie
sterpe
menie

of Palsquill and Katherine.

Kathe. Nay when heauens mēlted, & the sun strooke
Euen then my loue shall not be vanquished. (dead)
Paf. When I turne fickle, vertue shall be vice.
Ka. When I proue false, Hell shall be Parādice.
Paf. My life shall be maintaing by thy kind breath.
Ka. Thy loue shall be my life, thy hate my death.
Paf. Oh when I die let me imbrace thy waste.
Ka. In death let me be counted thine and chaste.
Paf. Heauens graunt, being dead my loue may liue.
Ka. One kisse shal giue thee mine eternally. (nisi thee)
Paf. In faire exchaunge vouchsafe my liart to take.
Ka. With all my mind, weare this Ned for my sake.
But now no more, bright day malings our lound.
Farewell, yet stay, but tis no matter too, self of verson out
My Father knowes I thinke, what must ensue. back to back
Adieu, yet harke, nay faith, adieu, adieu. *Exeunt*
Paf. Peace to thy passions, till next enterview.

Enter Mamon, and Mounſeur Iohn ſo de King. *M. bold*
Mam. Now Mounſeur, be but conſiſt, and hold up
There is the price of blood, this way he comes, and will
Strike home bold arme, and thou ſhalt want no crowns.
Moun. Feare you nothing, when he is die, me bring you

Exit Mamon. *word.*

Hee, by gor braue crowne, braue monney,
Me haue here a patent to take vp, one, two, treeſcore
Vench: fine Crowne, fine vench, vnreſonably fine,
Dis monney is my baude. Me ſend a French crowne
To fetch a fine vench, de French crowne fetch de
Fine vench, de fine vench take de French crowne,
And giue me de French poe. Hee excellent, you ſee
Mee kill a man, you ſee mee hang like de Burguillian,
Hee no poine: Hee by Gor, mee haue much viſt,

em. old

D

Ang

A pleasant Comodie.

Ang mē much bald, and me ang much bald wit.
Here come de Gentleman metre Pasquill.

Enter Pasquill.

Pasquill. Ist possible that sisteris should so thwart
In nativē humours : one's as kind and fayre,
As constant, vertuous, and as debonayre,
As is the heart of goodnesse : the other, proud,
Inconstan, fantalick, and as vaine in loues,
As trauellers in lies : blest Katherine,
Comedia's not thy sister, if slie bee,
Shees bastered to the sweetes that shine in thee.

Moun. Bonjour. Meete Pasquill, sante Ief, the am hired to
kill you, Mounsieur. Mamon, Messier. Iounck, Iounck, giue
me money to stab you, but me know therē is a God that
hate bloud, delfore me no kil, me know dere is a vench,
that loue Crowne, delfore me keepe de monney.

Pas. Vnhalowed villaine, that with gold and bloud,
Thinkes that almighty loue can be withstood.
Hold Mounsieur, there are more Crownes, onely dō this,
returke to Mamon, tell him the deed is done, and bring
him hither, that he may wainely triumph in my bloud, I
haue some painting which I found by chaurice in loose
Camelias chamber, with that Ile staine my breast, go and
returne wiyh speed.

Moun. Hee, by gor I sinell a rat, me slie, me slie, by gor.

Exit Mounsieur.

Pas. Leaud miscreant, that through the throat of hel,
Wouldst mount to heauen, and enjoy loue,
Invaluably pretious : no rancke churle,
Thou wast not made to slauer her faire lips,
With thy dead newmy chbps, nor clip her waste,
With thy shrunke bloudlesse arme, I heare him come.
Now Pasquill faigne, o thou eternall light,

gta

D

Mourne

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Mourne that thy creatures shoulde in bloud delight.

He lies downe, and faines himselfe dead.

Enter Mamon and Mounseur.

Mam. Now sinug fac'd boy, now nibble on her lips,
Now sippe the deawe of her delitious breath.
Stinke, rot, damne, bake in thy cluttered bloud,
Snakes, Toads, and Earwigs, make thy skull their nest,
Ingendring deaw-wormes, cling o'rethwart thy breast.

Moun. Hush, hush, leaue praying for dead, tis no good
Caluianisme, puritanisme. Dissemble, here are company.

Exit Moun.

Enter Bra. Sig. and Planet.

Bra. Sig. Good morrow Sir, who lies there murdere?

Mam. Oh Gentlemen, the kindest vertuous youth
That e're adorned London. Damned theeues
To spoile such hopes: the last words that he spake,
Sticks still within the hollow of mine eare.

Katherine quoth he, hold *M. Mamon* deare,
I know not what he meant, but so he said:
If that you passe to *Hygate*, tell the Knights,
Psquill is sunke into eternall night.

Pla. Faith twas a good youth, come *Brabant*, come a
way.

Exeunt Brabant and Planet.

Mam. Dead Kate, dead Kate, dead is the boy,
That kept rich *Mamon* from his ioy.

Mamon sings. *Lantara, &c.* *Pasquill* riseth, and striketh him.

Mam. Oh the diuell, the ghost of *Pasquill*, I am dead,
if you haue any curtesie in you, beleeue it. I beleue'd you
when you faign'd, beleeue me now, for I am almost
dead, numb'd vp with feare, giue faith sweete gentle
youth.

Pas. Old wretch, amend thy thoughts, purge, purge,
Ile hide thy yker, be but penitent.

Exit.

Mam.

A pleasant Comedie

Mam. Ha, I think twas but his ghost that swept along.

Enter Mounstier singing.

*Grand son Mamō, Pbo, phy, phy, phy, a soutra pour vos chück,
chunck. John fo de King, teach you a ding, John fo de King
graund Sot, Sot, Sot.*

Exit Mounstier.

Ma. Death, plague, and hell, how is curst Mamō next?
Scourgde with the whip of sharpe derision:
Ile hōne, and starue, this croſie, this peccuſh hāp,
Strikes dead my ſpirits like a thunderclap.

Exit Mamō.

Enter Brabant Iunior, and Planet.

Bra. Gods pretious, I forgot to bring my Page,
To breathe ſome Dittie in my Mistris care.

Pla. Wouldſt haue a Ballet to falute her with?

Bra. No, but a Song. How wouldſt thou court thy
Mistrefſe?

Pla. Why, with the world, the flesh & the diuel.

Bra. Right dog, well thoult ſweare, that I am bleſſed
Beyond infinitie of happiness,
When thou beholdest admited *Camelia*.

Pla. And God wold bleſſe me with 3. ſuch miſtrefſes,
I wold giue two of them to the diuel, thathee wold
take the third.

Bra. Oh when ſhe clips, and clings about my necke,
And ſuckles my ſoule forth with a melting kiffe.

Pla. Doth ſhe vſe thee ſo kindly then, ha?

Bra. O I, and calls me deare, deare *Brabant*, and (ð Ie-
I cannot exprefſe her ſweets of entartaine, (su God).

Shee ſo inſinuate with chaſte amorous ſpeech,
And play the wanton with ſuch pretie grace,
And yowes loue to me: Oh I'le make thee madde
To ſee how gratious *Brabant*'s in her eye.

Here is her window, marke but when I call,
How ſwift ſhe comes, and with what kind ſalutes *She*:

of Pasquill and Katherine.

She welcomes me. What ho Camelie?

Faith youle be tane vp, what in bed so late?

Winifride looks from aboue. (downe.

Pla. And you take her vp Brabant, sheele take you

Bra. Hart they heare not: My Camelie wake?

Wini. What harsh vnciuil tongue keeps such a coile?

Bra. Winifride tis I. Tell my sweet Duck I am here,
Now marke Ned Planet, now obserue her well.

Wini. Shee wonders at your rudenesse that intrudes
Vpon the quiet of her mornings rest,
And shee's amaz'de, that with such impudence
You dare presume to intimate somē loue to her,
As if she knew you more then for a youth,
A yonger brother, and a stipendary.

Enter John Ellis.

Pla. Now mark Ned Planet, now obserue her kindnes.
Good morrow M. John.

Ellis. As the Countrey mayd crieth to her Cowe to
milke her, or as the Trauailer knocketh with his Hostes
for a reckning, euen so do I call to thee ô Mistris.

Camelia from her window.

Came. Sweet John my Loue, heers thy Camelie:
Hold weare this fauour, with this kisse vpont.

Bra. Flesh and blood cannot beare such disgrace.

Brabant beates Ellis.

El. Help, help, help, help, he boxes mee that hee
doth. Help, help.

Enter Sir Edward, Katherine, Drum, and Twedle.

Sir Ed. What outrage haue we here so early vp?
Sir you do wrong the quiet of my house.

Enter Camelie.

Ifaithy you do, and tis but rudely done,
Go too tis not. Is this a place to brawle?

A pleasant Comedie v

Pla. And please thee knight, I'le tell thee faish & troth.
Caue. What did he strike thee sweete?

El. I in good deed law, and a my conscience, I thinkē
he hath madē my nose bleede.

Caue. And would not you drawe your weapon out,
and to it lustily, as long as you could stand?

El. I do not vse to drawe. Hoo! I am shamed.

Ca. Did he giue thee a box on the eare, and wouldst
thou take it?

El. And he be such a foole to giue it me; why shouldest
not I be so wise as to take it?

Ca. Pure honestie, kinde Ducke, kisse me sweete *John*.

Bra. In. Hart Sir *Edward*, will you suffer this?

Now on my life she is enamored on the foole's bable.

Sir Ed. Go too sir boy forbear, you wrong my Loue,
And you forget your selfe to vse such lefsts;
Such nastie rybauldry vpon my daughter:

I tell you M. *Brabant*, doth she loue

Any that meritheth the name of man?

Bra. In. Why hee's no man, but a very-~~le~~ *Edward*.

S. Ed. Well, well, no more; my house, my self, my loue,
Opens their hearts with liberall imbrace
To entertaine your presence; For any mans
So they'le be ciuile, modest, not prophane,
Not like to those that make it their chiefe grace,
To be quite graces.

Pla. Well said honest knight,
We haue had blood enough to day alreadie:
Ned Pasquil's slaine by bloodie murdering Rogues.

Sir Ed. Speak softly, God forbid, my daughter heares,
Tell me the circumstance, I pray you Sir.

Ka. Eternall death vnto my happiness,
My Pasquil slaine? Oh God, oh God, oh God.

Exit *Katherin*, tearing her haire. *Pla.*

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Pla. I, and I thinke the Vsurer made a Tent
Euen of his nose it was so red and neere:

Sir Ed. God for his mercy, what mischance is heere?
A good youth, a vertuous modest youth,
Ifaith he was. And I can tell your sir,
My daughter Katherine, where is she now?
Whither she gone? Drum call her hither straite.

Drum. Your Drum wil sound a call sir presently.

Exit Drum.

Sir Ed. And as I told you sir, my daughter Katherine
Affected him right dearly: by my peace of soule,
If he had liu'd, I could haue hartily wisht
He had bene my sonne in lawe, Ifaith I could:
But see the will of God. How now Drum,
Where's my daughter?

Drum. Sir, she is either inuisible, or deafe, for I can
neither see her, nor she heare mee.

Sir Ed. Boddie of mee, my heart misgiues me now,
Looke, call, search, run all about:
My daughter gone? Go all and search her out.
Heer's Pasquill ha? Is this the man thats dead?

Enter Pasquill.

Paf. Let me intreat this fauour, do not search
Or be inquisitiue why I fain'de:
Repute me worthie your better censure: and thus think.
My cause was vrgent, the rest lie buried.

Sir Ed. Well, I would you had not fainde.

Paf. Why would you haue had me dead indeed?
Sir Ed. Oh no, but I haue lost my child I feare,
By your strange faining, she no sooner heard
The tydings of your death, but gone she was,
And God knowes whither? Ha what newes now?

Enter Drum.

Drum.

A pleasant Comedie

Drum. Tis easier to finde wit in ballating, honestie
in Brokers, Virginite in Shordich, then to heare of my
Mistresse.

Sir Ed. Broach me a fresh Butt of *Canary Sacke*,
Lets sing, drink, sleep, for that's the best relieve:
To drowne all care, and ouerwhelme all grieve.
Powre Wine, sound Musick, let our bloods not freeze,
Drinke Duch like gallants, lets drinke vpsey freeze.

Exeunt Sir Edvard, Planet, Brabant, Drum & Twedle.
Came. Seruant youle go in too, and stay dinner?
El. I in truthe, for as the Itch is augmented
By scratching, so is my loue by seeing my mistresse.

Exeunt Camelia and Ellis.

Pas. How's this, how's this, My *Katherin* gone heace?
Sences awake, and thou amazedsoule
Vnwinde thy selfe from out the Labyrinth
Of gaping wonder, and astonishment.
My *Katherin* departed? how? which way?
Foole, foole, stand not debating, but pursue
Haste to her comfort, for from thee doth spring
(Wretch that thou art) her cause of sorrowing. Exit.

ACTVS TERTIVS.

Enter a Page solus.

Page. Ha, ha, ha, tipsie, tipsie, tipsie, all turnd whistlegig, *John fo de king*, *Drum*, and *Timothy Twedle*, are rare fine, ha for the heauens, Ifaith: *Drums Lyon* drunke, and he dings the portes about, crackes the glasses, swaggers with his owne shadow. Honest *Timothy* is *Mawdelin* drunke, and he weepes for kindnesse, and kisses the hilts of *Jacke Drums Dagger*. *Mounsieurs Goat* drunke, and he shrugges,

of Pasquin and Katherine.

shrugges, and skrubbles, and lices it for a wench. Heere they come recling: I must packe, or we shall swagger, for they hauing a cracke in their heades, and I a fault in my hands, we shall neare agree.

Exit.

Enter Drum, Mounseur, and Twedle.

Drum. A Seruvingman quoth you? Hart, and if I serue any that's flesh and blood, would I might ne're taste my liquore more: stand bare whilst hee makes water, out vppont, Ile to Ireland, and there Ile Tan, ran, ty, ry, dan, Sa, sa, sa, sa: Nay tis the onely life.

Tw. Nay good Thewte hart, good kind Jack, stay, if you would loue mee, as I loue you, we would liue & die together: and please God, would I were dead, and you are gone. And heeres M. John so de king, a verie honest man too.

Drum. I, I, hee's a verie good honest man: for theres not a haire betwixt him and heauen.

Tw. Heele liue with vs now & teach vs French.

Moun. I by my trot, ang you helpe mee to a Vench now, mee teach you French. s. towsland, towsland yere, & your Secke is hote, and make mee brule, and brule, and burne, for a (hee) by gor your Seck is hote.

Enter Winifride.

Drum. Welcome Basilisco, thou wilt carry leuell, and knock ones braines out with thy pricking wit. Kisse me sweet wench, kisse mee.

Moun. Hec my Winifride, by gor you are come, in te very nick to pleasure mee, pree you kisse mee, clip mee, loue mee, or by gor mee ang die certaine.

Drum. Out you French Dogge, touch my Loue, and Ile.

Moun. Touch her, by gor mee touch her, and touch her, and touch her.

E

Drum.

A pleasant Comodie

Drum. Ile touch you, Ile slash you, Ile vench ye.

Wini. Put vp, put vp, for the passion of God put vp, or if youle needs too it, sheath both your weapons in mee first.

Drum. Hart touch my loue, touch my *Winifride*?

Wini. Hark you *Lacke*, come to my chamber an houre hence, and you shall haue what you will aske, and I can graunt.

Drum. Why then my chollers down. *John fo de King.*
Fontra for you.

Exit Drum.

Moun. Fontra for me, futtra, futtra, futtra, fwe tow-
land futtra's for you.

Twe. Stay friend *Lacke*, Ile recle along with you, if
youle not swagger.

Exit Twedle.

Wini. Sweete, sweete *Mounseur*, hang yon slaues, I
loue you infinitely.

Moun. By gor me teach you French foure towland
yeare dan.

Wini. Well *Mounseur*, Ile giue you pleasure.

Moun. But will you presently? quickly, for by gor
me am a hot shot.

Wini. I so they say, I heard you were vnder the *Tor-
red zone* last day.

Moun. Pish tis no matter, me am like a Tabacco Pipe,
de more me am burne, de cleaner me am.

Wini. Well then, two houres hence come to my
chamber, and *Timothy Twedle* shall glue you mee in a
sacke.

Moun. In a sacke? Ha very well.

Wini. And you shall carrie me to my Maisters house
at *Holloway*, for in the house we cannot be priuate with-
out suspect. Till then, farewell.

Exit Winifride.

Moun.

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Moun. By my trot vnireasonable good , I carrie de
vench on my backe, and de vench carie me on her (hee)
fine backe, fine vench , fine *Mounsieur*, fine , fine , fine
Knight, all fine, vnireasonable fine, me sing vor ioy; by
gor me sing la,liro,liro la,liro.

Exit.

Enter Brabant Signior, Brabant Iunior, and Planet.

Bra. Sig. Gentlemen, as e're you lou'd wench, obserue
M. Puffe and me.

Bra. Iu. What shall we obserue you for?

Bra. Sig. Oh for our complement.

Pla. Complement, whats that?

Bra. Sig. Complement, is as much as (what call you
it) tis deriu'd of the Greeke word, a pox ont.

Pla. Complement, is as much as what call you it, tis
deriu'd of the Greeke word, a pox ont.

Enter Puffe.

Bra. Sig. You shall see *M. Puffe* and me tosse it, Ifaith
marke with what grace I encounter him.

Pla. Hart thy brother's like the Instrument the Mer-
chants sent ouer to the great Turke : you need not play
vpon him, heele make musicke of himselfe, and hee bee
once set going.

Bra. Sig. *M. Puffe*, I long to do faire seruice to your
loue.

Puffe. Most accomplit wit , exquisitly accoutred,
(*Puffe*) Iudgement , I could wish my abilitie worthie
your seruice, and my seruice worthie your abilitie.

Pla. By the Lord fustian, now I vnderstand it : com-
plement is as mch as fustian.

Bra. Sig. I protest your abilities are infinite, your per-
fections matchlesse, your matchlesse perfection infinite
in abilitie, and your infinite abilitie, matchlesse in per-
fection.

A pleasant Comedie

Pla. Good againe; rejoyce Brabant, thy brother will not live long, he talkes Idlely alreadie.

Puff. Delicious spirit, disparage not your courtesie, stand not bare to him that was borne to honor you.

Bra. Sig. Let vs presse our haires then, with an vniforme consent.

Puff. The pressure of my haires, or the puncture of my heart, standes at the seruice of your sollide perfections: my life is bound to your loue, your loue being my life, tho my life bee not worthie your loue, your perfection is the center to which all the paralels of my affection are drawne: your loue my life, your perfection, my affection, being.

Pla. Your Asse, my Foole.

Puff. Being chainde by the mightie coplet of ineui-table destenie, who seeth the sunne, but hee must adore it: who seeth beautie, but he must honour it: who view-eth gold, but he must couet it: then, (ô then,) who can behold your sun-like beauteous golden beauties, but he must more then adore, much more then honour, and most infinitely loue to be out, out, out.

Bra. Iu. Out he is indeed.

Pla. Hee's at a stand, like a restie Iade, or a Fidler, whē he hath crackt his Minikin.

Puff. Outragiously addicted to the worthie pursuite of such matchlesse worth.

Bra. Sig. Sir, I can rest but truly thankfull, for your more then good conceit of my no lesse then little worth. And now sir for the consequent houres of the day, how stands your intencion for imployment?

Puff. I ha tane my leauie of Sir Edward, bid adiew to loue, my Mistresse is gone, my humour is spent, my ioyes are at an end, and therefore Gentlemen, I leauie
loue,

of Pasquill and Katherine.

loue, and fall to the (puffe) Lawe, I will interre my selfe
in Pleydens Coffin, and take an eternall Conge of the
world. And so sweete gallants farewell. Exit.

Bra. Sig. Nay Ile follow you to your graue. Gentle-
men youle not accompany the coarse? Exit.

Pia. No, no, looke Ned Brabant, yons a pleasing ob-
iect for thy eyes.

Enter Camelia, Ellis, and Winifride.

Bra. In. My Mistresse is turnde Bucephalus; no bodie
must ride her but Alexander: no bodie kisse her but John
Ellis. Now stand and list good Planet.

Ca. Come sweetest Loue, lets giue time pleasing wing,
What shall we make some purposes or sing?

El. I will sing, so you will beare my burthen.

Ca. Come laie thy head then in my virgin lappe,
And with a soft sleeke hand I'le clappe thy checke,
And wring thy fingers with an ardent gripe:
Ile breathe amours, and euen intraunce thy spirit,
And sweetly in the shade lie dallying.

The Song.

Now dally sport and play, This merry month of May,
This is the merry, mery month, Sweet time for dallying:
The Birds sit chirping, chirping, The Dones sit billing, billing,
Phillip is treading, is treading, is treading, is treading,
All are to pleasures willing. (ding,
You that are faire and wittie, Obserue this easie Dittie,
And leane not Natures Natures blisse; Do not refuse to kisse,
The Birds sit chirping, chirping, The Dones sit billing, billing,
Phillip is treading, is treading, &c.

Bra. In. Death I can holder: Life of loue E. 3.

Amazing

*Mar
my*

A pleasant Comedie

Amazing bewtie, let not me seeme rude,
Tho thus I seeme to square with modestie.

El. Pray you let me go, for heele begin to square,
And euen as some doo weare Muffes for warmth, some
for wantonnesse, some for pride, some for neither, but to
hide gowtie fingers, so will I get your Fathers consent,
and marry you. Fare you well. *Exit.*

Came. Sir it were good you got a benefice,
Some Evenuch'd Vicaridge, or some Fellowship,
To prop vp your weake yonger brothership.
Match with your equalls, dare not to aspier
My seate of loue, I wis Sir, I looke higher.

Bra. Ju. Astonishment of Nature, be not proud
Of *Forunes* bounties : *Brabant* is a man,
Tho not so clogd with durt as others are :
I do confess my yonger brothership;
Yet therein laie no such disparagement
As your high scorne imputes vnto my worth.
Coach Iades and Dogges, are coupled still together,
Only for outward likenes, growth and strength,
But the bright models of eternitie,
Are ioind together for affection,
Which in the soule is form'de. Oh lef this moue,
Loue should make mariage, and not mariage Loue. (proud,

Pla. Wooe her no more *Brabant*, thou'l make her
You Duche Ancient why should you looke higher?
His births as good as yours, and so's his face :
Put off your Iengle, Iangles, and be not as faire,
He shall renounce it, fore this Audience,
Put off your cloathes, and you are like a *Banbery* cheese,
Nothing but paring : why should you be proud,
And looke on none but Weathercocks forsooth ?
O you shall haue a thousand pound a yea're !

Bar

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Bar Ladie that a bumming sound. But harke,
Wilt therefore be a flauke, vnto a flauke,
One that a bound Rogue vnto Ignorance?
Well thou't serue to make him gellide broaths,
And scratch his head, and may be now and then
Heele flauer thee a kisse. Plague on such mariages.

Came. Rude vnciuile Clowne.

Pla. Tut raile not at me, turn your eie vpō the leprosie of
your own iudgement, loath it, hate it, scorn it, and loue
this yong Gentleman, who is a Foole in nothing but in
louing thee: madde in nothing but affecting thee: and
curst in eternitie if he marry thee.

Ca. Sir you ha spoke exceeding pleasingly,
For which I loue you, as I loue a dull dead eye.
Brabant I do coniure thee Court not mee,
Do not presume to loue or fancie mee.

Bra. Iu. How not presume to loue or fancie you?
Hart, I will loue you, by this light I will.
Whether you will or no, I'le loue you still.
Spight of your teeth I will your loue pursue,
I will by heauen, and so sweet sonle adieu.

Exit Bra. Junior.

Ca. Farewell, and heuer view my face againe.

Exit Camelia.

Pla. Harke you faire Winifride, sweet gentle maide,
I haue but fained with you all this while,
I doate vpon the sweet Camelia,
And if your fauour will but second me,
I vowē when I shall wed Camelia,
To indowe you with a hundred pound a yere,
And what I haue shall stand at your commaund.

Win. Sir I wil vndertake to forward your faire loue,
So you'le remember what you here do vowē.

Pla.

A pleasant Comedie

Pla. If I forget it, heauen forget mee:
Do you but praise me, let not her once know
I loue, or do affect her for the world. (Sir.

Wini. Well feare no rubbes, farewell faire bounteous

Exit Winifride.

Pla. It workes, it workes, magnificent delight,
Laughter, triumph, for ere the Sunne go downe,
Thy forehead shall be wreath'd, with pleasures crowne.

Exit Planet.

Enter Pasquil at one doore, and his Page at the other.

Paf. Now my kinde Page, canst thou nor heare, not
Which way my Katherine hath bent her steppes? (see,

Page. Sir I can.

Paf. What canst thou my sweet Page?
What canst thou Boy?
Oh how my soule doth burne in longing hope,
And hangs vpon thy lippes for pleasing newes.

Page. Sir I can tell ye. (feare.

Paf. What? o how my hart doth quake & throb with

Page. Sir I can tell you nothing of her in good faith.

Paf. Oh thou hast tortur'd me with lingring hope,
Go haaste away, flie from the pestilence
Of my contagious griefe, it will infect thee boy,
Murder thy youth, and poison thy lifes ioy.
Run search out Katherine, in her eies dwell
Heauens of ioy: but in Pasquil hell.

Oh thou omnipotent, infinitie,
Crack not the sinewes of my patience
With racking torment: Insist not thus to scourge
My tender youth with sharpe affliction,
If I do loue that glorie of thy hand,
That rich Idea of perfection,
With any lustfull or prophane intent,

Croft

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Croft be my loue, murdred be all my hopes:
But if with chaste and vertuous arme I clip
The rarest modell of thy workmanship,
Be then propitious: ô eternall light,
And blesse my fortunes, maugre hellish spight.

Enter Katherine in a petticoate.

Ka. Black sorrow, nurse of plaints, of teares, & grones,
Evaporate my spirit with a sigh,
That it may hurrey after his sweete breath,
Who made thee doate on life, now hunt for death.

Paf. What soule is that, that with her teare-full eies
Seemes to lament with me in miseries?

Ka. Here seemes to be the pressure of his truncke,
Deare earth confirme my doubt, was this the place
Which the faire bodie of my Pasquil prest,
When he laie murdred? See the drooping grasse
Hangs downe his mourning head, and seemes to say
This was the fatall place, where Pasquil lay.
Oh thou sweet print, stampt by the fairest limbes,
The richest Coffin of the purest soule
That euer prest the bosome of the earth,
First drinke my teares, and next sucke vp my blood.
Now thou immortall spirit of my Loue,
Thou pretious soule of Pasquil view this knife
Which once thou gauest me, and prepare thy arme
To clip the spirit of thy constant Loue.
Deare Ned I come, by death I will be thine,
Since life denies it to poore Katherine.

She offers to stabbe her selfe.

Paf. Hold, hold, thou miracle of confancie,
First let heauen perish, and the crazde world runne
Into first Chaos of confusion,
Before such cruell violence be done

F

To

A pleasant Comodie

To her faire breast, whose fame by vertue wonne,
Shall honour wemen whilste there shines a sunne.

Kathe. Thrice sacred spirit, why doſt thou forsake
Elizeum pleasures, to withhold the arme
Of wretched *Katherine*? Oh let me die,
Retire sweete Ghoast, do not pollute thy hand
With touch of mortalls.

Paf. Amazement of thy Sex, *Pasquill* doth liue,
And liues to loue thee in eternitie.
Be not agast, recouer spirit, (Sweete).
Tis *Pasquill* speakes, tis *Pasquill* clips thy waste,
Tis *Pasquill* prints a kiffe on thy faire hand.

Ka. What do I dreame? or haue I drawne the sluice
Oflife vp? and through stremes of bloud
Vnfelt, haue set my prisoned soule at large?
Am I in heauen? or in *Pasquill's* Armes?
I am in heauen, for my *Neds* embrace
Is *Katherine's* long wish'd celestiall place..

Paf. Diuinitie of sweetnesse, I protest,
If these inferiour Orbs were rowled vp,
And the imperiall heauen bar'd to my view,
Twere not so gracious, nor so much desir'd,
As my deare *Katherine* is to *Pasquill's* sight.

Ka. Heauen of Content, *Paphos* of my delight.

Paf. Mirrouer of Constancie, life-blood of loue.

Ka. Center to whom all my affections moue.

Paf. Renown of Virgins, whose fame shal ne're flet.

Ka. Oh I am maz'd with ioy, I pree thee sweete,
Vnfold to me, what sad mischaunce it was,
Forc'd thy deathis rumour, and such woes disperc'd?
Sad sorrow past, delights to be rehearsed.

Paf. It will be tedious, but in breefe thinkethus,
Old *Mamons* malice was the venombd foame,

That

of Pasquill and Katherine.

That poisoned all the sweets of our content.

Kathe. Alas deare heart, that loue should be so crost.
Now good Ned fetch my gowne, tis at yon house,
I would be loth to turne to Hygate thus.

Pas. I am oblig'de with infinit respect, to do you ser.
Oh powerdiuine, was euer such a loue as Katherine?

Ent. Ma. Looke Mamon, search Mamon, this way shee
Put on thy spectacles, this way she went: (went,
Blest, blest, blest, be thy natuirtie,
Yonder she sits, Ile either haue her now,
Or none shall e're enjoy her with content.

Ka. How loues impatient, when will Ned retorne?

Ma. Tut, tis no matter when, looke where thy Mamo is.

Ka. Good diuel, for Gods sake do not vexe my sight:
Didst not thou plot the death of my deare Loue.

Ma. Yes, yes, and wold complot ten thousand deaths,
Euen damne my soule, for beauteous Katherine.

My shipp shall kemb the Oceans curled backe
To furnish thee with braue Abiliaments,
Rucks of rich Pearle, and sparkling Diamonds
Shall fringe thy garments with Imbroadry:
Thy head shall blaze as bright with Orient stone,
As did the world being burnt by Phaeton.

Ka. You make me death, for pitties sake forbeare:
Oh when will Pasquil come? Good Sir depart.
When wilt retorne? I pray you Sir goe hence,
And troth, I will not hate you: nay I le speake
Against my heart, and say I loath you not.
You vexe my patience, gentle sir forbeare,
I begge it on my kneec, and with a teare.

Mam. Tut will you loue me, and detest yon boy?

Ka. Heauen detest me first, and loathe my soule.

Mam. Is it your finall resolution?

A pleasant Comedie

Ka. God knowes it is. So good Sir rest content.

Mam. I, I will rest, and thou shalt rest thus blur'd,
Thus poysond; venoinde with this oyle of Toades:
If *Mamon* cannot get thee, none shall ioy
Which he could not enjoy. I feare no lawe,
Gold in the firmest conscience makes a flawe..
Rot like to *Helen*: Spittle hence, adiew,
Let *Pasquil* boast in your next interview.

Ka. Be pittifull and kill me gentle Sir.

Heauen my heart is crackt with miserie:
Where shall I hide me? which way shall I cleanse
The eating poyson of this venomde oyle?
Poore wretch (alas) see where thy *Pasquil* comes.

Pas. Here loue put on your gown. How now? good
Heauē giue me patieēce: who hath vs'd thee thus? (God,

Ka. The duel in the ſape of *Mamon*. Sweet.
Touch me not. *Pasquil* I coniure thee now.
By all the power of affection,
By that ſtrickt bond of loue that lincks our hearts,
Leauē and abandon me eternally.
I merit now no loue, yet prethee sweet,
Vouchſafe to giue me leauē to loue thee ſtill:
But I do binde thee by thy ſacred vowe
Of our once happie, and thrice bleſſed loue,
Follow not *Katherine*: good Ned, doo not greeue,
In time iuft heauen may our woes releue.

Exit Katherine.

Pas. fureus. O dira fata, ſeuia, misera ſanda, horida.
Quis hic Locus? qua Regio? qua Mundi plaga?
Vbi ſum? Katherine, Katherine, Eheu Katherine.

Enter Mamon.

Mam. My ſpectacles will betraie mee, looke
Mamon, ſearch Mamon, here abouts they fell.

Pas.

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Pas. Welcome Erra Pater, you that make Prognostications for euer. Where's you Almanacke?

Pulses his Indentures out of Mamons boosome.

Ma. Lorde blesse my Obligations, Lorde blesse my bonds, Lord blesse my Obligations. Alas, alas, alas.

Pas. Let me see sir now, when will true valour be at the full? Oh theres an opposition tis eclipsed, *Venus*, *Venus* is mounted. Wheres the Goat now? Kembd, fine kemd. Oh heere are Dog dajes, out vpont Dog dayes, Dog dayes, Dog dayes, out vpont

He teares the Papers.

Mam. Alas my Obligations, my Bonds, my Obligations, my Bonds. Alas, alas, alas.

Pas. Katherine, Katherine, Ehew Katherine.

Exit Pasquit.

Mam. Obligations, Obligations: Alas my Obligations, I am vndone, vndone, vndone.

Enter Flawne.

Flawne. Sir, Sir, Sir.

Mam. What sir you for, you Dog, you Hounde, you Crust, whats best newes with you now? Out-alas my Obligations, my Bonds, I am vndon, vndon.

Flawne. Sir, the best newes is, your ship (the Hope-well) hath hapt ill, returning from *Barbary*. Tis but sunk, or so, not a scrap of goods sau'de.

Mam. Villaines, Rogues, Iewes, Turkes, Infidels, my nose will rot off with griefe. O the Gowt, the Gowt, the Gowt, I shall run mad, run mad, run mad.

Flawne. Amen, amen, amen. But theres other newes to comfort you withall sir.

Mam. Lets heare them good *Flawne*. My shippe, my bonds, my bondes, my ship, I shall run mad vniſſe thy good newes reclaime mee. Lets heare thy newes.

F. 3.

Flawne.

A pleasant Comedie

Flawne. Your house with all the furniture is burnt, not a ragge left, the people stand warming their handes at the fire, and laugh at your miserie.

Mam. I defie heauen, earth and hell, renounce my nose, plague, pestilence, confusion, famine, sworde and fire, deuoure all, deuoure me, deuoure *Flawne*, deuoure all: bondes, house, and ship, ship, house, and bondes, Dispaire, Damnation, Hell, I come, I come, so roome for *Mamon*, roome for *Vsury*, roome for thirtie in the hundred. I come, I come, I come.

Exit Mamon.

Flawne. Why me thinkes this is right now, Ile even laie him vp in *Bedlame*, commit him to the mercie of the whip, the entertainment of bread and water, and the the sting of a *Vsurers* Conscience for euer.

Exit Flawne.

ACTVS QVARTVS.

Enter Drum and Winifride.

Drum. Truly Mistresse *Winifride*, as I would be willing to be thankfull, and thankfull to finde you willing to prostrate your faire partes to my pleasure, so I hope you will remember your promise, and promise what you now remember, if you haue forgot, I would be glad to put you in minde of it.

Wini. Truly friend *John*, as I would be loth to breake my promise, so I would be vnwilling to keepe my word to the dishonestyng of my virginitie. Marry for a nights lodging or so, I wil not be strait lac'd to my friend. Therfore thus it must be. To night I must lie at the *Farme* at *Holloway*, thither shall you be conueyed in this Sacke, & laid in my chamber, from whence you shall haue free accessse to the pleasures of my priuate bed. *Drum.*

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Drum. Well then bee constant *Winifride*, and you shall finde me faithfull *Jacke Drum*: and so taking leaue of your lippes, I betake me to the tuition of the Sacke.

Enter Twedle.

Exit Drum.

Twe. *Winifride* my Mistresse *Camelia* staies for you to attend her to the Greene, I must go and clap my Tabers cheeke there, for the heauens Ifaith.

Wini. Stay a little heere, and if *John so de king* come, giue him that Sack. Oh I could crack my Whalebones, breake my Buske, to think what laughter may arise from this.

Exit Winifride.

Enter Mounseur.

Moun. By my trot, dis loue is a most cleanly Ientleman, he is very full of shifte, de fine Vench, can inuenter ten towsand, towsand trick to kisse a men (hee) see by gor she ha keepe her word, she is in de feck alreadie, hee, braue by gor, my blood das sparkle in my veine for ioy. Metre *Timoty* you must giue me dat feck dere.

Timo. Owy da *Mounseur*, that is well pronounced is it not?

Moun. Ritt,ritt,ritt, excellan: excellan: adew *Timothy*, me am almost burst for ioy.

Exit Mounseur.

Twe. Well, I know what the Wenches on the green are saying now, as well as if I were in their bellies, when will *Timothy* come, when wil honest *Timothy* approach, when will good *Timothy* drawe neare? Well Wenches now reioyce, for *Timothy Twedle* doth come.

Exit Twedle.

Enter Pla.Bra.Sig. and Bra.Junior.

Bra.In. Brother how like you of our moderne witts? How like you the new Poet *Mellidus*?

Bra.Sig. A slight bubbling spirit, a Corke, a Huske.

Pla.

in voluntariness

A pleasant Comedie

Pla. How like you *Mugus* fashion in his carriage?

Bra.Sig. O filthily, he is as blunt as *Pawles*.

Bra.Iu. What thinke you of the Lines of *Decius*?

Writes he not a good cordiall sappie stile?

Bra.Sig. A surreinde Iaded wit, but a rubbes on.

Pla. *Brabant* thou art like a paire of Ballance,
Thou wayest all sauing thy selfe.

Br.Sig. Good faith, troth is, they are all Apes & gulls,
Vile imitating spirits, dry heathy Turffes. (erres.

Bra.Iu. Nay brother, now I thinke your iudgement

Pla. Erre, he cannot erre man, for children & fooles
speake truthe alwaies.

Enter *Mounseur* with a Sacke, and *Lack Drum* in it.

Bra.Sig. See who comes yonder sweating with a pack.

Pla. *Mounseur*, what do you beare there ha?

Moun. Pree you away, you breake my glasses der, Ie-
shu, now mee know not what to doe, Zot dat I was to
come dis way widd dem.

Pla. Glasses you salt rheume, come what ha you there?

Moun. Trike no more for Ieshu sake, by gor mee haue
brittle vare, if you knock it, it will break presant, pre you

Br.Iu. We must know what's in the bag Ifaith. (adieu.

Moun. By my trot, mec tell you true, will you no trike
me den?

Bra.Iu. No faith, but see you tell vs true, or else.

Moun. Or els, or els by gor, do wat you please wid me:
Sweet *Vinifride*, my verie art dus vurst, he by gor, me did
not dink to wrong yow dus: come out sweet *Vinifrid*, me
much discredit yow.

He *Lack Drum*. Iesu vat made you dere?

Drum. Gentlemen my M. desires you to come supp
with him, I was sent to inuite you, and this itching goat,
would needs ease my legges & carry me: I hope you'll
come,

of Pasquill and Katherine.

come, and so I take my leaue. I, I am guld, but if I quit her not, well.

Exit Drum.

Bra.Sig. Come, there's some knot of knauery in this

Pla. His culler is not currant, wel, let passe. (tricke.

Bra.Sig. Come *Mounsieur*, come, Ile helpe you to a Go downe the hill before, Ile follow you. Wench,

Moun. Me dank you: Mor deu, he mon a mee, me ame trooke dead wit greife, de cock of my humore is downe, and me may hang my selfe vor a Vench.

Exit Moun.

Bra.Sig. Gentlemen will you laugh hartily now?

Pla. I, and if thou wilt play the foole kindly now.

Bra.Sig. I wil strait frame the strongest eternall Iest
That e're was builded by Inuention:

My wife lies verie priuate in the Towne,

I'le bring the French man to her presently,

As to a loose lasciuious Curtezan:

Nor he, nor you, nor she, shall know the rest;

But it shall be immortall for a Iest.

Exit Bra.Sig.

Bra.Iu. Farwel brother, we shal meet at *Hygate* soone.

Pla. The wicked Iest be turnde on his owne head,
Pray God he may be kindly Cuckoled.

Exeunt boib.

Enter *Camelia* and *Winifride*.

Came. Carry this fauour to my *Ellis* straight,
I long to see him, preeethe bid him come.

Wini. I would be loth to nourish your defame,
And therefore Mistresse pray you pardon me.

Came. What is thy iudgement of my *Ellis* chandge?

Wini. No that is firme: but your estate is changde.
You know your sister's straungely vanished,
And now the hope and revenue of all,

G

Calls

A pleasant Comodie

Calls you his sole, and faire apparant heire :
Now therefore would I haue you chaunge your loue.
Indeed I yeeld tis moderne policie,
To kisse euen durt that plaisters vp our wants.
Ile not denie, tis worthy wits applause,
For women on whom lowring Fortune squints,
And casts but halfe an eye of due respect,
To pinne some amorous Idiot to their eyes,
And vse him as they vse their Looking-glaſſe,
See how to adorne their beauties by his wealth,
And then case vp the foole and lay him by.
But for such Ladies as your ſelfe is now,
Whose fortunes are ſustained by all the proppes
That gracious Fortune can aduance you with,
For ſuch a one to yoake her free ſweet youth
Vnto a Lowne, a Dane-like barbarous Sot,
A guilden Trunchion, ſic, tis ſlauish vile.
Oh what is richer then content in loue?
And will you now hauing ſo huge a Ruck
Of heape'd vp fortunes, goe and chaine your ſelfe
To a dull poſt, whose verie eies will blaze
His base bred ſpirit, where ſo e're he comes,
And shame you with the verie name of wife.
No Miftris, no, I haue found out a man
That merits you, if man can merit you.

Came. Lord what a tide of hate comes creeping on
Vpon my former iudgement? Come, the man!

Wini. The man? (oh God) the man is ſuch a man,
That he is matchleſſe: oh, I ſhall prophane
His name, with vnreſpekteſt vitterance.

Ca. Oh thou tormentſt me, deare *Winifride* the man?

Wi. By the ſweet pleasures of an amorous bed,
I thinke you will be deified by him.

¶
O God

of Pasquill and Katherine.

O God the most accomplish'd man that breathes,
And *Planet* is the man.

Came. Out on the diuell, theres a man indeed.

Wini. Nay looke you now, you'l straight oreshoot
You'l say hee's sowre and vn sociable: (your selfe,
Tush you know him not, that humor's forc'd:
But in his natuе spirit hee's as kinde
As is the life of loue. And then the clearest skinne,
The whitest hand, the cleanest wel shap'd legge:
The quickest eye: Fie, fie, I shall but blurre
And sulley his bright worth with my rude speech.

Came. Well, if he court me, Ile not be much coy.

Wi. Court you? nay you must court him for ought I
You must not think forsoothe, that I am feed (know:
To vrge you thus. I solemnly protest,
I motion this out of my pure vowed loue,
Which wisheth all aduancement and content
To attend the glory of your beautious youth.

Ca. O I am *Planet* stricken *Winifrid*,
How shall I intimate my loue to him?

Wi. I sawe him comming vp the hill eu'en now,
Send him a fauour, and Ile beare it to him,
And tell him you desire to speake with him.

Exit Winifride.

Ca. Do, do, deare *Winifride*, sweet wench make haste.

Enter Sir Edward Fortune, and John Ellis,
with a Paper in his hand.

Ellis. Sir, I haue her good will, and please you now to
giue me your consent, and looke you Sir, here I haue I-
tem'd forth what I am worth.

Sir Ed. Tush shewe me no steins, and shew loue you,
a Gods name: Ile not bee curst by my daughter for

G 2 forcing

A pleasant Comedie

forcing her to clip a loath'd, abhorred match : and see
how fortunate we are ; Looke where shee stands.

Came. Sweet *Planet*, thou onely gouernst mee.

Sir Ed. Daughter giue mee your hand, with your
consent, I giue you to this Gentleman.

Ca. Marry phoh, wil you match me to a foole ?

Sir Ed. God pardon me, not I : why *M. Ellis* ha-
Had you her consent, speake freely man ?

El. Indeed law now, I thought so : by my troth
You sed you lou'de me, that you did indeed.

Ca. I as my foole, my Idiot to make sport.

Sir Ed. Fie daughter, you are too plaine with him.
Alas my sonne *Similie* is out of countenance.

El. Truly as a Mill-horse, is not a horse Mill, and as a
Cart Iade, is not a Iade Cart, eu'en so will I go hang my
selfe.

Sir Ed. Mary godforbid, what frolick, frolick man,
weele haue a Cup of Sack and Sugar soone, shall quite
expell these mystic humours of stale melancholy.

*Enter Pasquil and a Countrey Wench, with a
Basket of Egges.*

Pas. Is this the Egge where *Castor* and *Pollux* bred ?
He crack the Bastard in the verie shell.

Coun. Mayd. Alas my markets, my markets are cleane
spoilde.

Exit Wench.

Pas. *Ybi Hellenæ, ubi Troia*, ist not true my *Ganimede*,
When shall old *Saturne* mount his Throane againe ?
See, see, alas how bleake Religion stands.

Katherina. *Katherina*, you damned *Titanoies*,
Why prick you heauens ribbes with blasphemie ?
Python yet breathes, old gray hayr'd pietie.

Sir Ed. Alas kind youth, how came he thus distraught ?

Passe.

Ellis

*admission to my Phiz
Pigmy. Martin
satisfying A found of love her.*

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Page. I left him in pursuite of Katherine,
And found him in this straunge distemperature.

Pas. O Sir, if you that stampe on litrature?
You are inspired you with Prophesie.

El. Not I, as I shall be sau'd, I am M. John Ellis I.

Sir Ed. Come, come, lets intice him by some good
He labour to reclaime him to his witts. (meanes,
O now my daughter Katherine remembers me,
Where art thou girle? heauen giue me patience.

Pas. Poore, poore Astrea, who blurs thy orient shine?
Come yons the Capitoll of Jupiter,
Letts whip the Senate, els they will not leaue
To haue their Iustice blasted with abuse
Of flattering Sycophants. Come lets mount the Starres,
Reuerend antiquitie go you in first----
Dotage will follow. Then comes pale fac'de Lust----
Next Sodome, then Gomorha, next poore I,
By heauen my heart is burst with miserie. Exit Pas.

Enter Brabant Signior, Mounseur and the Page.

Moun. I ha tell yow de very trote of the lagg Iest, by
gor your England Damosells are so feere, so vittie, so
kitt, by my trote shee tosse me wish vey shee please der:
but pre yow were is de Vench? Is dis de house? Ha is
dis de house, pre yow tell me ha?

Bra. Sig. It is, it is, and shee is in the Inner Chamber:
Boy call her foorth. Exit Page.

Moun. Sings. By gor den me must needs now sing,
Ding, ding, a ding, Dinga, dinga, ding,
For me am now at pleasures spring.
Dinga, ding, ding, dinga, dinga, ding,
And a bee da vench, da vench, da vench,
Which must my brusing humor quench. Coma, coma, coma.

A pleasant Comedie

Enter Mistresse Brabant.

(night.)

Mist.Bra. Now sweet, you kept your promise wel last
Moun. By gor she gaine him much kind word already.

Bra.Sig. Well to make thee amends, boy fetch vs a
quart of Canary Sack. Prythee Mall entertain this French
Gentleman.

Mist.Bra. Sir you are verie welcome to my Lodging.

Moun. Me danck you, and first mee kisse your fingre,
next mee bussey your lip, and last mee clip your vaste, and
now foutra for de Vinifride.

Page. Sir Edwards Caterer passed by sir, you wild me
to remember Lemmons.

Bra.Sig. Gods pretious tis true: Boy goe with me to
Billings-gate. Mall I le returne straight.

Exit Bra.Sig. and his Page.

Moun. Will yow no Vin sir, hee, he is gone purposely,
by my trote most kind Gentleman. Faire Madame pree
yow pittie mee, by Gor mee languish for your loue, me
am a pouera French Gentleman, pree you shew me your
bed-Chambre.

Mist.Bra. What mean you sir, by this strange passion?

Moun. Nay noting, by Gor damosell, you be so faer,
so admirably feer, flesh and bloud cannot endure your
countenance, mee brule, ang mee brule, ang yow ha no
compassion, by gor me ang quite languish. Last night
me goe to bedd, ang me put de candle behinde me, and
by my trote me see cleane thorough me. Me ang so drye,
me put a cold plattre at my backe, and my back melt de
plattre quite, do so burne. Pree you shew mee your bed
Chambre, mee will be secrete constant: I loue you vn-
reasonably vell, vnreasonably vell by gor.

Mist.Bra. In faith you make me blush, what should I
say?

Moun.

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Moun. Say no, ang take it: Or arkeyou one ting, Say nederyea nor no; but take it, ang say noting.

Mist. Bra. You will be close and secret?

Moun. Secred, by gor as secred as your sowle, me wil tell noting, possible.

Mist. Bra. Well Sir, if it please you to see my Chamber, tis at your seruice. B 20
Exit Mist. Brabant.

Moun. Hee now me ang braue *Mounseur*, by gorang me had know dis, mee woode haue eate some Potatos, or Ringoe: but well: hee. Me will tanck Metre Brabant vor dis, by gor me am caught in heauen blisse.

Exit Mounseur.

*Enter Camelie and Winifride, hanging
on Planets armes.*

Ca. Oh too vnkind, why doest thou scorne my loue? Shee that with all the vehemence of speech Hath bene pursued, and kneeled too for loue, Prostrates her selfe, and all her choycest hopes, As lowe as to thy feete, disdaine me not, To scorne a Virgin, is mans odious blot.

Pla. To scorne a man, is Virgins odious blot, Wert thou as rich as is the Oceans wombe, As beautious as the glorious frame of heauen, Yet would I loath thee worse then varnisht skulles, Whose ryuels are dawbdwp with plaistering painte.

Came. O. Rockie spirit, Breathe not in vaine, I hate thy flatterings, Detest thy purest elegance of speech, Worse then I do the Croaking of a Toader.

Wini. Sweete Gentleman. Con
str
Pla. Peace you Rebato pinner, Poting-sticke, You briude corrupters of affection:

I hate

A pleasant Comedie

I hate you both, by heauen I hate her more
Then I do loue my selfe. Hence packe away,
Ile sooner doate vpon a bleare-eide Witch,
A saplesse Beldame, then Ile flatter thee.

Came. Be not too crucil sweet *Planet*, deare relent,
Compassionate my amorous languishment.

Pla. Ha, ha, I pree thee kneele, beg, blubber, Cry,
Whilste I behold thee with a loathing eye:
And laugh to see thee weepe.

Came. Looke, on my knees I creepe,
Be not impenetrable beautious youth,
But smile vpon me, and Ile make the aire
Court thy choyce care with soft delicious sounds.
Bring forth the Violls, each one play his part,
Musick's the quiuer of young Cupids dart.

The Song with the Violls. (Pye,

Pla. Out *Syren*, peace scritch-owle, hence chattering
The blackt beakt night Crow, or the howling Dog,
Shall be more gratious then thy squeaking voice:
Go sing to *M. John*. I shall be blunt
If thou depart not, hence, go mourne and die,
I am the scourge of light inconstancie.

Exit Camelia and Winifride.

Thus my deare *Brabant*, am I thy reuenge,
And whip her for the pecuyls scorne she bare
To thy weake yonger birth: O that the soules of men
Were temperate like mine, then Natures painte
Should not triumph o're our infirmities.
I do adore with infinit respect,
Weomen whose merit issues from their worth
Of inward graces, but these rotten poasts
That are but guilt with outward garnishment,

O how

of Palquill and Katherine.

O how my soule abhorrers them. Yons my friend,

Enter Brabant Innior.

I will conceale what I for him haue wrought,

Nice Ialousie mistakes a friendly part :

Now Brabant wheres thy elder brother ha ?

What hath he built the Iest with Moursear yet ?

Bra. In. Faith I know not, but I heard he left the French-man with his wife.

Pla. Knew she thy brothers meaning ?

Bra. In. Not a whit, shee's a meere straunger to this merriment.

Pla. Hit and be luckie, & that twere lawfull now To pray to God that he were Cuckoled.

Deare Brabant I do hate these bumbaste wits,

That are pufte vp with arrogant conceit

Of their owne worth, as if Omnipotence

Had hoyled them to such ynequald heighth,

That they suruaide our spirits with an eye

Only create to censure from aboue,

When good soules they do nothing but reproue.

See where a Shallop comes. How now, what newes ?

Enter Winifride, and whispers with Planet.

Bra. In. What might this meane, that Winifrid salutes The blunt tongu'de Planet, with such priuate speech ?

See with what vehemence she seemes to yrge

Some priuate matter. Planet is my friend,

And yet the strongest linke of friendship's strainde,

When female loue puts to her mightie strength.

Marke, Marke, she offers him Camelia's scarfe :

Now on my life tis so : Planet supplants my Loue.

Pla. Friend I must leaue thee, preethee pardon mee, Weele mee at supper soone with the good knight.

Exeunt Pla. and Winifride.

H

Bra. In.

A pleasant Comodie

Bra.Ia. I, I, content : ô hell to my delight,
My friend will murder me, thin Cobweb Lawne
Burst with each little breath of tempting sweets

Winifride speakes from within:
She intreats you M. *Planet*, to meeke
Her at the Crosse stile.

Bra.Iu. Ha, at the crosse stile, well I'le meete him there.
He that's perfidious to me in my loue,
Confusion take him, and his bloud be spilt
Without confusion to the murderer.

Exit Brabant.

ACTVS QVINTVS.

*Enter Bra.Iu. and his Page, charging
a Pistoll.*

Bra.Iu. So loade it soundly, murders great with me, I
Goe Boy, discharge it, euen in *Planets* brest,
Shoot him quite through, & through, thou canst not sin
To murder him, that murdered his deare friend
With damned breach of friendship, when he is slaine
Bring me his Cloake and Hat, here I will stay
To be imbrac'de in steed of *Planet*: goe, away. *Exit Boy.*
I had rather die with blood vpon my head,
Shame and reproach clogging my heauie houre,
Then t'haue my friend still wounding of my soule
With reprobate Apostacisne in loue.
O this Sophistcate friendship, that dissolues
With euery heate of Fancie, let it melt
Euen in Hells Forge. Harke, the Pistoll is discharg'de,
The Act of gory murder is perform'de.
Haue mercie heaven : ô my soule is rent

Enter

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Enter the Page. With Planets wound. Come Boy the Hat and Cloake,
Go poste to Scotland, there are crownes for thee,
Leue Brabant vnto death, and obloquie.

Exit Page.

Why now the vllerous swelling of my hate
Is broken forth: Oh that these wemens beauties,
This Natures witchcraft, should inchaunt our soules
So infinitely vnrrecoverable,
That Hell, death, shame, eternall infamy,
Cannot reclaime our desperate resolues,
But we will on spight of damnation.

Enter Camelia and Winifride. Come ye poore garments of my murdered friend,
Mourne that you are compeld to hide his limbes
That slew you. Maister. See Camelia comes. I'll stand thus muffled and deceiue her sight,
When loue makes head, friendship is put to flight.

Came. Persist not still, o thou relentless youth
To scorne my loue: what tho I scora'd thy friend.
Do not vprebrayd me still with hating him,
Do not still view me with a loathing eye.
For Brabants sake, do you but loue me sweet,
And Ile not scorne him. Why shouldest be so nice
In keeping lawes of friendship? didst thou e're hear
Of any soule that held a friend more deare
Then a faire woman?

Bra. Iu. O the sting of death, how hath Brabant err'd?
Hence thou vile wombe of my damnation,
Oh thou wrond spirit of my murdere friend,
Thou guiltlesse, spoulesse, pure Immaculate,

H. 2

Behold

A pleasant Comedie

Behold this arme thrusting swift vengeance
Into the Trunck of a curst damnde wretch.

He drawes his Rapier.

Wini. Heele spoile himselfe, lets run & call for helpe.

Exit Camel. and Wini.

Bra. Iu. Now haue I roome for murder, this waste
Hush'd silence, and dumb sollitude, are fit (place,
To be obseruers of my Tragedie.

Planet accept the smoake of reeking bloud
To expiate thy murder. Friend I come,
Weele troope together to *Elizium.*

*Enter Sir Edward, Camelia, Winifride, Ellis, Brabant
Sig. Twedle, Drum, and others.*

Sir Ed. Hold hairbrainde youth, what mischiefe
maddes thy thoughts?

Bra. Iu. Forbeare good knight, you neuer sinn'd so
deepe,
As in detaining this iust vengeance
To light vpon me, but know I will die,
I haue infring'de the lawes of God and Man,
In sheading of my *Planets* guiltles blood,
Who I supposde corryuald me in loue
Of that *Camelia*, but iniuriously :
And therefore gentle knight, let mine owne hand
Be mine owne hangman.

Bra. Sig. Brother I'le get you pardon, feare it not.

Bra. Iu. You'le get my pardon, brother pardon mee,
You shall not, for Ile die in spight of thee.

Sir Ed. I am turnde wilde in wonder of this act.

Enter

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Enter Planet and the Page.

Pla. Come Brabant come, give me my Cloak & Hat,
The evenings rawe and danke; I shall take cold.
How now? turnd mad, why starst thou on me thus?:
Giue me my Cloake. Hart is the youth distraught?

Bra. Iu. Ha, doest thou breathe, lets see where is thy
wound?

Pla. Doeſt breathe, my wounde, what doeſt thou
meane by this?

Page. Gentlemen I can direſt you forth
This Laborinth of intricate misdoubts,
My M. will'd me kill that Gentleman,
Now I thought he was mad in putting me
To ſuch an enterprise, and therefore footh'd him vp,
With I ſir, yes ſir, and ſo ſir, at each word,
Whilſte he would ſhow me how to hold the Dagge,
To drawe the Cock, to charge, and ſet the flint,
Meane time I had the wit to think him madde,
And therefore went, and as he will'd me ſhot,
Which he God knows, thought pearc'd his deer friends
Then went & borrowed that ſame Hat & cloake (hart,
Of M. Planet, brought them to my Maister,
And ſo.

Pla. No more, no more, knight I wil make thee ſmile
When I diſcourse how much my friend hath err'd.

Sir Ed. I will diſſolue and melt my ſoule to night,
In influent laughter. Come my Iocund ſpirit
Prefageth ſome vnhopte for happinesse:
Wee'll crowne this euening with triumphant ioy,
Ile ſup vpon this Greene, heer's roome enough
To drawe a liberall breath, and laugh aloud:

A pleasant Comedie

Drum fetch the Table : Twedle scoure your Pipe,
For my old bones will haue a Rownd to night.

Now by my troth and I had thought on't too,

I would haue had a play : Ifaith I would.

I sawe the Children of Powles last night,

And troth they please me prettie, prettie well,

The Apes in time will do it hansomely.

Pla. Ifaith I like the Audience that frequented there
With much applause : A man shall not be choakte
With the stench of Garlick, nor be pasted
To the barmy jacket of a Beer-brewer.

Bra.Iu. Tis a good gentle Audience, and I hope they
Will come one day into the Courr of requests. (Boyes

Bra.Sig. I and they had good Playes, but they proc
Such multie fopperies of antiquitie, (duce
And do not suite the humorous ages backs (I daiW
With cloathes in fashion.

Pla. Well Brabant well, you will be censuring still,
There lycs a leſt in steep will whip you fort'.

Sir Ed. Gallants I haue no iudgement in these things,
But will please you sit ? Camelia wold be odd, (birdW
Call these iame Gentlemen unto thee wench :

O there with thee my Katherine was wont
To sit with gracefull presence, well let't passe :

Fetch me a Cup of Spicke, Come Gallants sit, (JohnA
M. Brabant, M. Flamy, I pray you sit, (I haue it I haue it
Young M. Brabant, and Gods pretious M. John,

Sit all, and consecrate this night to mirth,

Heere is old Ned's place. Come, sound Musick there,

What Gallants haue you ne're a Page can entertaine
This pleasing time with some French brawle or Song ?

What shall we haue a Galliard ? troth tis well.

A Gal.

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Good Boy Ifaith, I would thou hadst more creame, o
bised me to the Enter in ather land, I will and

K. Once more the gracious heauens haue renewd
My wasted hopes, once more a blessed chaunce
Hath fetcht againe my spirit from the sownd chyldryn
And launguishing despaire of happiness
A skilfull Beldame with the Iuice of trebes
Hath curde my face, and kild the veinous power,
And now if Paschall lieue and loue me stilly
Heauen is bounteous to poore Katherine.
Yon suppes my Father, but my Ned and daud
I feare, and yet I know not what I feare.

Sir Ed. Gallants I drinke this to Ned Pasquils health.
Pla. Ifaith He pledges him, would he haue his wiſe.

Sir Ed. And I my daughter. Fill me but with paine
No greefe so potent, but neat sparkling wine doth
Can conquer him: Oh this is Ineide diuine and feare

Ka. Would he had his wits. Oh what a numming H
Strikes a cold palsey through my trembling blood. *He M*

Enter Pasquill madd
Pas. Virtue shall burst ope the Iron gates of Hell,
Ile not be woopid vp, toome for Phæton,
Lame pollicy howe wastis thow goenpright, Ile not be
O Lust, staine not sweet Loue. Fie be noe lost nois
Upon the surge of vulgar humours. You Idiots
Riuet my Armor, and Caparison,
A mightie Centaure, for Ile run at Libe,
And tumble downe byon Glans in the dustin,
Sit gentle Judges of great Radament,
Let not Proserpine interthine. Oh fate's dead,
Now thou art right Eaus, I appprele to shew,
Hanc pittie on a wretches miserie. Sir Ed.

Sir Ed

A pleasant Comedie.

Sir Ed. I am quite sunck with griefe, what shall we do
To get recovery of his wittes againe?

Bra. Iu. Let Musicke sound, for I haue often heard
It hath such sweete agreement with our soules,
That it corrects vaine humours, and recalls
His stragling fancies to faire vniou.

Pla. Why the soule of man is nought but symphonies,
A sound of disagreeing parts, yet faire vnite
By heauens hand, diuine hy reasons light.

Sir Ed. Sound Musicke, then pray God it take effect.

*The Musickes soundes, and Pasquils Eye is fixt
upon Catherine.*

Bra. In. Mark with what passion he sucks vp the sweets
Of this same delicate harmonious breath.

Pla. Obserue him well, me thinkes his eye is fixt
Vpon some object that seemes to attract
His verie soule forth with astonishment.
Marke with what vehemence his thoughts do speake
Euen in his eies, some creature stands farre off,
That hath intranc'te him with a pleasing sight.

Pas. Amazement, wonder, stiffe astonishment,
Stare and stand gazing on this miracle,
Perfection, of what e're a humaine thought
Can reach with his discoursiue faculties,
Thou whose sweete presence purifies my sence,
And doest create a second soule in me,
Deare Katherine, the life of Pasquils hopes.

Ka. Deare Pasquil, the life of Katherines hopes.

Pas. Once more let me imbrace the constant's one
That e're was tearmde her Sexe perfection.

Kathe.

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Kathe. Once more let me be valued worth his loue,
In decking of whose soule, the graces stroue.

Pas. Spight hath outspent it selfe, and thus at last,
Both speake.

We clip with ioyful arme each others wast.

Sir Ed. O pardon me thou dread omnipotence,
I thought thou couldst not thus haue blessed me.

O thou hast deaw'd my gray haires with thy loue,
And made my old heart sprout with fertill ioy.

Kathe. Forget deare father, that my act hath wrongd
The quiet of your age.

Sir Ed. No more, no more, I know what thou wold'ft
Daughter, there's nothing but saluation, (say)
Could come vnto my heart more gratiouse
Then is the sight of my deare Katherine.
Sonne Pasquill now, for thou shalt be my sonne,
What frolick gentle youth.

Pas. Is Mamon heere?

Drum. Oh Sir, M. Mamon is in a Citie of Iurye, called
Bethlem, Alias plaine Bedlame: the price of whips is migh-
tily risen since his braine was pitifully ouertumbled,
they are so fast spent vpon his shoulders.

Pas. Oh sacred heauens, how iust is thy reuenge?

Sir Ed. Why? did he cast you in the labyrinth
Of these straunge crosses?

Pas. Yes honor'd knight, which in more priuate place
And fitter time, I will disclose at large.

Came. Faith Sister, as I am your elder borne,
So will I march before or with you sure,
Young M. Brabani?

Bra. By this light not I.

Came. Honest M. Ellis?

I

Ellis.

Terpsichore *Alis* → *A pleasant Comodie*

Ellis. No indeed law, not I, I do not vse to marrie;
For euen as blacke patches are worne,
Some for pride, some to stay the Rhewme, and
Some to hide the scab, euen so *John Ellis*
Scorne her, that hath scorned him.

Came. Vertuous Maister *Planet*:

Pla. Errant wandering starre we shall neare agree.

Ca. *M. Brabant*, *M. Planst*, *M. Ellis*, faith Ile haue any.

Sir Ed. But no bodie will haue thee, this is the plague
of light inconstancie.

Go *T wedle*, bid the Butler broach fresh wine,
Set vp waxe lights, and furnish new the boords,
Knocke downe a score of Beeses,
Invite my neighbors straight,
And make my Dressers grone with waight of meate.
M. Ellis, pray you let vs heare your high Dutch Song,
You are admired for it: Good lets heare it.

El. I do not vse to sing, and yet euen as when the skie
falls we shall haue Larkes, euen so when my voice riseth,
you shall haue a Song.

He singeth, holding a Bowle of drinke in his hand.

The Song.

Give vs once a drinke, for an the blacke Bonie,
Sing gentle Butler bally moy,
For an the blacke bowle. Sing gentle Butler bally moy.
Give vs once some drinke, for an the pinte Potte,
Sing gentle Butler bally moy, the pinte potte,
For an the blacke bowle. Sing gentle Butler bally moy.
Give vs once a drinke, for an the quart Potte,
Sing gentle Butler bally moy, the quart, the pinte Pot,
For an the blacke bowle. Sing gentle Butler bally moy.
Give vs once some drinke, for an the pottle Potte,
Sing gentle Butler bally moy, the pottle, the quart, the pint pot,
For an the blacke bowle. Sing gentle Butler bally moy.

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Giue vs once a drinke for an the gallan Potte,
Sing gentle Butler bally moy, the gallan, the pottle, the quart,
the pinte potte, For an the blacke bowle.

Sing gentle Butler bally moy.

Giue vs once a drinke for an the Firkin,

Sing gentle Butler bally moy, the Firkin, the gallan, the pottle,
the quart, the pinte potte, For an the blacke bowle.

Sing gentle Butler bally moy.

Giue vs once a drinke for an the Kilderkin,

Sing gentle Butler bally moy, the Kilderkin, the Firkin, the
gallan, the pottle, the quart, the pinte potte,
For an the blacke bowle. Sing gentle Butler bally moy.

Giue vs once some drinke for an the Barrell,

Sing gentle Butler bally moy, the Barrel, the Kilderkin, the
Firkin, the gallan, the pottle, the quart, the pinte potte,
For an the blacke bowle. Sing gentle Butler bally moy.

Giue vs once some drinke for an the Hoggeshead,

Sing gentle Butler bally moy, the Hoggeshead, the Barrell, the
Kilkerkin, the Firkin, the gallan, the pottle, the quart, the pinte
pot, For an the blacke bowle. Sing gentle Butler bally moy.

Giue vs once a drinke for an the But,

Sing gentle Butler bally moy, the But, the Hoggeshead, the Bar-
rel, the Kilderkin, the Firkin, the gallan, the pottle, the quart,
the pinte potte, For an the blacke bowle.

Sing gentle Butler bally moy.

Giue vs once some drinke for an the Pipe,

Sing gentle Butler bally moy, the Pipe, the But, the Hoggeshead,
the Barrell, the Kilderkin, the Firkin, the gallan, the pottle, the
quart, the pinte pot, For an the blacke bowle.

Sing gentle Butler bally moy.

Giue vs once some drinke for an the Tunne,

Sing gentle Butler bally moy, the Tunne, the Pipe, the But, the
the Hoggeshead, the Barrell, the Kilderkin, the Firkin, the gal-
lan, the pottle, the quart, the pint pot, For an the black bowle.

Sing gentle Butler bally moy.

A pleasant Comedie

Sir. Ed. Well done, Ifaith twas chaunted merrily:
What my Gallants,nere a tickeling Iest
To make vs sowne with mirth ere we goe in?

Bra.Sig. Faith Gent.I ha brewed such a strong headed
Will make you drunk, and reele with laughter: (Iest
You know *Mounseur John fo de king*?

Sir.Ed. Very well, he read French to my daughters,

Bra.Sig. I to gull the Foole, haue brought him to my
wife, as to a loose lasciuious Cûrtezan, she being a meer
straunger to the Iest, and there some three houres ago
Iest him: but I am sure shee hath so cudgeld him with
quicke sharpe Iests, and so batterd him with a volley of
her wit, as indeed she is exceeding wittie, and admirable
chaste, that in my conscience heele neuer dare to court
women more. WOULD to God he were returnd.

Enter Mounseur.

Sir Ed. See euen on your wiſh hee's come.

Moun. Iesu preferue you sweet Metre *Brabant*, by gor
de most delicat plump vench dat euer mee tuche: mee
am your ſlave, your peſaunt, by gor a votre ſeruice
whilſte I liue vor dis.

Bra.Sig. He would perfwade you now that hee toucht
her, with an immodeſt hand. Ha, ha, ha.

Moun. Tuch her, by Gor mee tuch her, and tuch her,
and mee tuch her, mee nere tuch ſuch a venche, de finea
foote, de cleanest legge, de ſleekeft ſkin: and mee tell
eſure token, ſhee hath de fineſt little varte you knowe
veare: hee by Gor mee nere tuch ſuch a vench.

Sir Ed. Pray God hee haue not brew'd a headie Iest
indeed.

Bra.Sig. Why faith Gentlemen I am Cuckolde, by
this light I am.

Moun.

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Moun. By gor mee no knowe, you tell a mee twas a
Curtezan, prey you pardon mee, by my trote, me teche
you French to t'end of de vortde. (ronet

Pla. Come heer's thly Cap of Maintenance, the Co-
Of Cuckolds. Nay you shall weare it, or weare it
My Rapier in your gutts by heauen.

Why doest thou not well deserue to be thus vsde?

Why shouldest thou take felicitie to gull

Good honest soules, and in thy arrogance

And glorious ostentation of thy wit

Thinke God infused all perfection

Into thy soule alone, and made the rest

For thee to laugh at? Now you Censurer

Bethe ridiculous subiect of our mirth

Why Foole, the power of Creation

Is still Omnipotent, and there's no man that breathes

So valiant, learned, wittie, or so wise,

But it can equall him out of the same mould

Wherein the first was form'd. Then I auie proud scorne,

And honest selfe made Cuckold, weare the horne.

Bra. Sig. Weare the horne? I, spite of all your teethe

Ile weare this Crown, and triumph in this horne.

Sir Ed. Why faith tis valorously spoke faire Sir,

Weel solemnise your Coronation

With royll pompe. Now Gentlemen prepare

A liberall spirit to entertaine a Ieast,

VVhere free light Iocund mirth shall be enthoand

VVith sumptuous state. Now Musick beat the aire,

Intrance our thoughts with your harmonious sounds,

Our Fortune laughes, and all content abounds.

Exeunt omnes.

F I N I S.

The names of all the men and Women, that
Act this Play.

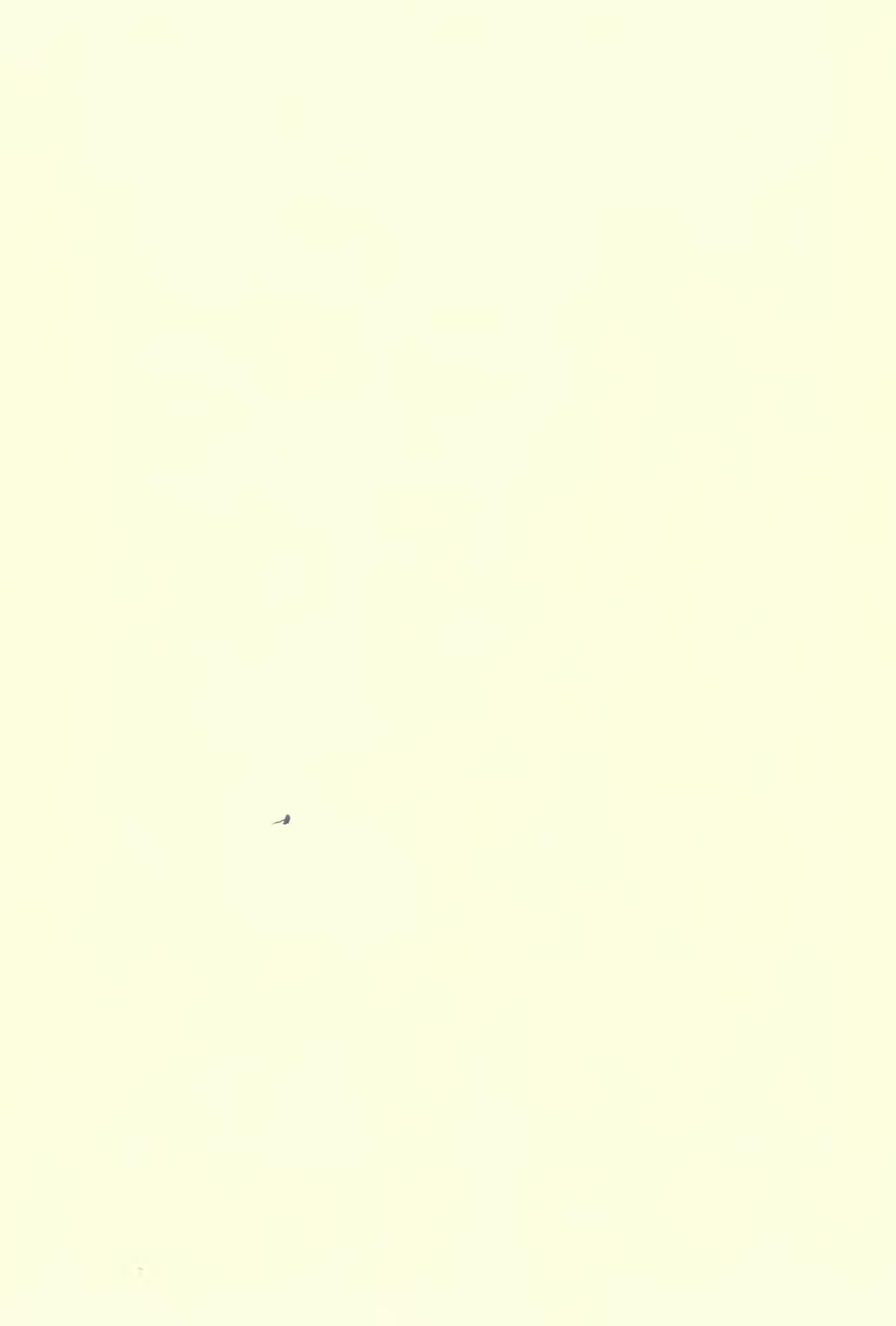
The Men.

1. Sir Edward Fortune.
2. Brabant Signior, and his Page.
3. Brabant Junior, and his Page.
4. Planet.
5. Puffe, and his Page.
6. John Ellis.
7. Mamon the Vsurer, with a great nose.
8. Flawne his Page.
9. Timothy Twedle.
10. Iacke Drum.
11. Pasquill.
12. Mounseur.

The Women.

1. Katherine.
2. Camelia.
3. Winifride.
4. Market Woman.





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